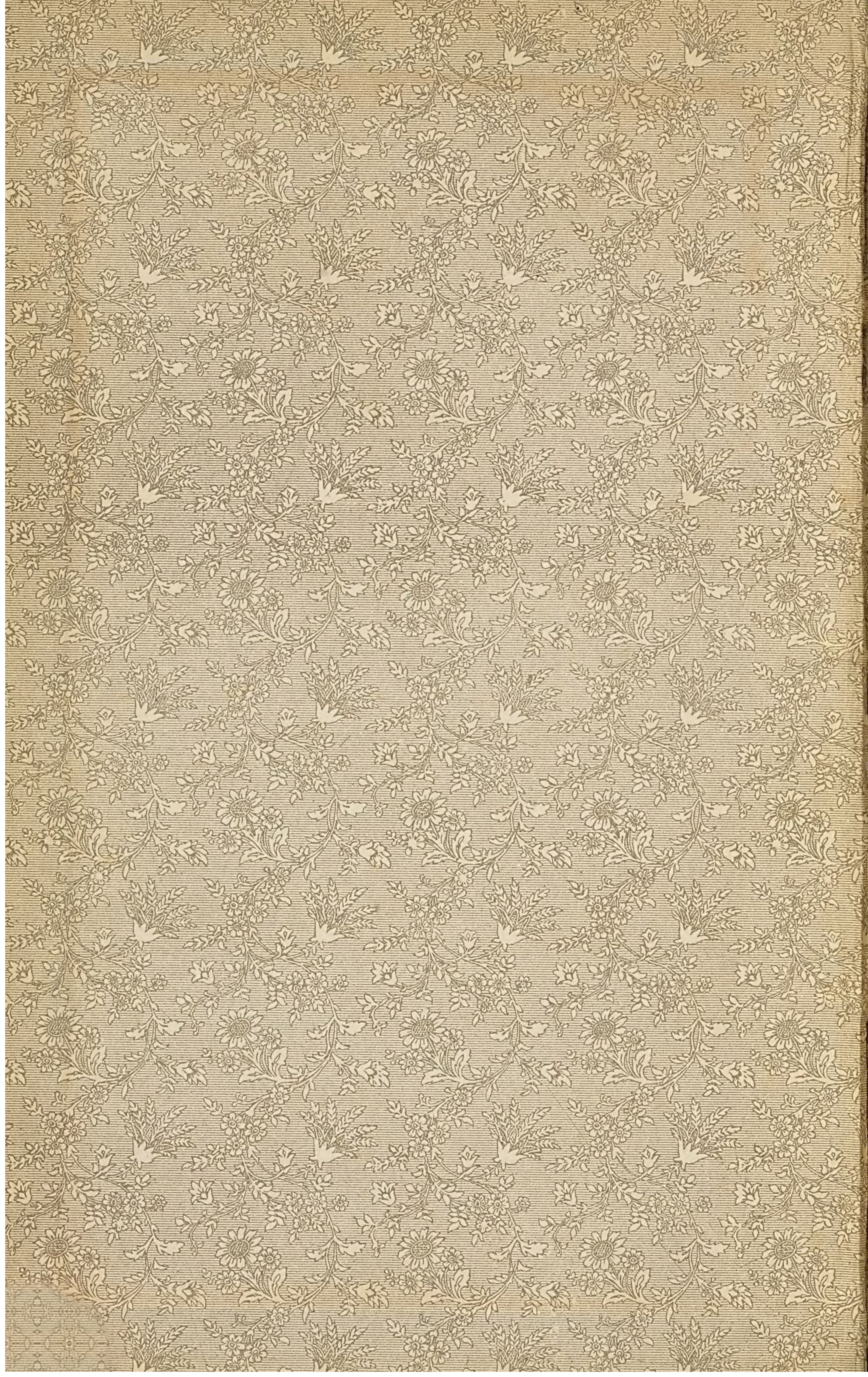


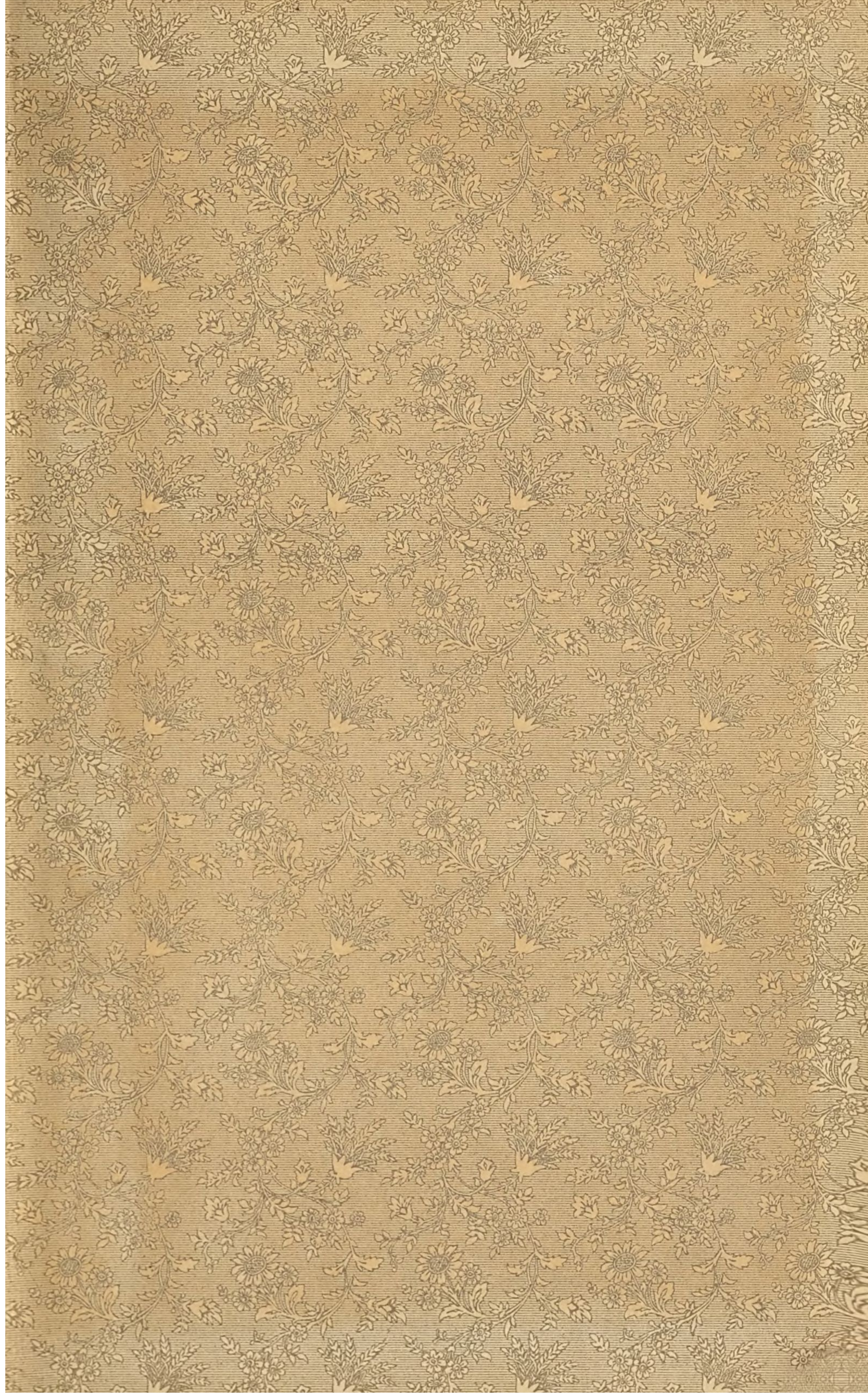
The
Life of Jimm Reevles



Written by

Himself.





Biogr. 949^K Reeves

SIMS REEVES.









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CHAPTER I.

A DARK RECORD.

Rathmore is a place of little importance, lying in the sylvan county of Kildare.

Not many years ago, there stood, on the summit of a hill, rising to the west of the town, the ruins of a handsome and spacious mansion, surrounded by a tangled wilderness, that had once been terraced gardens and plantations of large extent. The demesne in former times belonged to a family named Rolliston, and the ruined house, majestic in decay, seemed as though some weird spell brooded over it: —

“For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper to the ear:”
“The place is haunted.”

Neglect and desolation lay like a pall upon the shattered roof, damp mouldered walls, and rotting casements: no sound of human life broke the dreary silence: and after night had fallen, dire indeed was the necessity that induced dwellers in the neighbourhood to venture past the great entrance gates, now rusting and falling from their hinges.

Yet, Rathmore House had once been the happy home of a family of old descent, and in the time of Mr. Charles Rolliston, its last possessor, though, owing to its owner's fallen fortunes, it was beginning to show signs of dilapidation: it was still the habitation of domestic peace.

This was the case one Christmas Eve, some forty years ago, when Mr. Rolliston was awakened from a quiet after dinner nap by the tones of a conversation between his wife and her nurse-maid.

He was an elderly man, of delicate constitution, who had lately returned to his paternal acres after a long sojourn in the West Indies. Marrying late in life his family now consisted of his wife, a

slight frail woman much younger than himself: a boy and girl, aged respectively eight and ten, and an infant in arms: the small establishment of servants was limited to cook, house-maid and nurse, also the lodge keeper and his wife, of whom more anon.

"What are you talking about?" asked he of his helpmate as the nurse left the room. "Oh, I have given our three maids permission to attend a festive gathering in the town: they will be back by midnight and while they are absent, Tom Webb will sit up in the kitchen; Sarah has promised to put the children to bed."

"Humph," said Mr. Rolliston testily. "It's a great nuisance: you should not have allowed them all to go."

"Well," said his wife. "It is only once a year and for to-night the children will sleep with us in our bedroom: they would not rest by themselves."

"I suppose not," said Mr. Rolliston resignedly, then added, "I'll speak to Webb before bedtime: I have no great liking either for him or his wife."

Tom Webb was the lodge keeper, previously mentioned: he was an Englishman of a gloomy, saturnine disposition, and fond of drink, though not an habitual drunkard. He was an honest hardworking man but somewhat under the dominion of his wife, whom he had married soon after entering Mr. Rolliston's service.

She was an Irishwoman, one Sarah Cumming, who did not bear the best of characters in the neighbourhood: tall and gaunt, with fierce black eyes, she had the strength and temper of a tigress, being given, especially when under the influence of liquor, to violent outbursts of fury: she was childless and as Tom Webb, gloomy and quiet, took little heed of her temper, they got on passably well together.

It was ten o'clock on that memorable Christmas Eve: the family had retired to rest, and Tom Webb and his wife were in temporary occupation of the basement of Rathmore House: they had agreed to remain up, awaiting the return of the servants from the merry making, which, they expected, would be about midnight.

Upon the kitchen table stood a bottle of whisky, much of which had already been consumed as punch by the night watchers, who sat at opposite sides of the table, close to the fire place. Tom Webb, more than ordinarily gloomy and abstracted, was smoking his pipe: his wife evidently under the influence of some restless emotion, and partially affected by the liquor she had already imbibed, sat swaying backward and forward on her chair.

Some strong temptation seemed to impel her, as with fitful unsteady glances she alternately regarded her non observant spouse and the large bacon flitches hanging from the rafters: but his presence acted as a restraint upon her energies, while his saturnine abstraction became maddening.

"I'll have some more whisky," she suddenly declared aloud, seizing the bottle and making for the kettle, which her husband did not condescend to lift; "you'll take another glass, Tom?" she said as with trembling hands she added a small quantity of boiling water to a large allowance of whisky.

"I've not finished what I have here," he grunted in response.

"Man alive, finish it, I want another glass myself."

"Certainly," said he, emptying his glass, "if it will please you, brew another jorum."

Replenishing his pipe, the lodge keeper again relapsed into the meditative mood, little heeding the fierce black eyes fixed upon him, as Sarah covertly poured another liberal quantity of whisky into her glass.

Yielding to the fiery impulse coursing through her veins, Sarah muttered, "I'll take it, whether you like it or not." "Don't," said her husband, with a half frightened, half stupid glance around him. "Bah," she retorted, "I'll have the bacon flitches any how." Restraint had departed, and Sarah Webb seemed an embodiment of fiendish resolve: while a kind of stupor seemed to settle upon the lodge keeper's faculties. At length, finding he slept, with a knife she rapidly detached the flitches from their hooks, carried them out of the kitchen and hid them in the adjoining plantation.

“By and bye we can easily get them to the lodge,” said she to herself. Alas! how true is it, “the means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done,” and Sarah forgot all now, save the desire to possess: stimulated by further potations of whisky, womanhood was dead within her.

Yet she muttered, as a species of reaction seized her. “I have gone too far: the place is almost stripped, and ’tis not possible to bring the stuff back by myself before the girls return and Tom’s half drunk: what will I do? if we are caught, it will be the ruin of us.” Another glass of whisky supplied the required stimulus, and the wretched creature felt tempted to yet darker deeds.

“Yes,” she resolved within herself, “we must get money. Tom hates the place, so do I: there will be no regret in going, and go we will; little did my lady mistress imagine, while I was putting the children to bed, what my thoughts were. Oh! that box of jewels! poor devils like us couldn’t own them by any honest means; no matter how she came

by them. There they lie and they're easy to get; what a fortune they'd be to us! I'll get them some how," bringing her fist down savagely on the table, "I'll have them, whatever happens: so here goes," and she plied her maddened brain with yet more liquor.

Strangely enough, her actions now seemed sober and methodical: bending over her somnolent spouse for a moment, she regarded his deep sleep with satisfaction; then noiselessly leaving the kitchen, she crept softly into the hall, where a lamp burned, casting dim shadows over the oaken wainscotting.

The cold winter wind swept through the passages with a low wail of boding import: but she went forward on her evil quest. Stealthily ascending the broad oaken staircase, she reached the first landing place, which was illumined by a bay window, through which a flood of moonlight streamed, and for an instant she paused as though some unearthly apparition stood in her path, warning her to go back. However, with a de-

fiant grip of the bannisters, she went upward till she reached the room where Mr. and Mrs. Rolliston and their children slept. The door was partly open, having been left thus, so that the nurse on her return might step in and take the baby without disturbing the other inmates: and tiger-like Sarah now crept into the room and surveyed the silent scene, while she speculated on her chance of obtaining the prize she sought.

The chamber was dimly lit by a wax taper burning on the high chimney piece, and by the embers of a dying fire: in the centre stood the lofty antique bedstead, whereon, locked in peaceful repose, lay Mr. and Mrs. Rolliston and their two elder children, while the infant slept in a cot by the bedside.

But the wretched sinner creeping about the room was in no way moved by beholding the innocent sleepers; in her black heart was room for nought but evil, as she stealthily moved toward the iron bound box containing the jewels

she coveted, and upon which her eyes had feasted so recently.

To her dismay it was locked and she gazed upon it with rage and disappointed greed: to move it was physically impossible; yet, was she to be baffled with the prize within her grasp?

Suddenly in the dim light of the taper, she caught sight of a table close to her master's head, whereon lay a handsome gold watch and appendages, also a well filled purse and above all a bunch of keys.

Not for an instant did she waver: those keys must open the treasure, and with a cat-like spring she clutched them and then, emboldened by the silence, seized the purse and watch. But here cupidity mastered discretion, and the watch fell with a loud jingle from her nerveless hold: thereupon its owner started and in a half dreamy manner raised his head: for a moment she was startled, but the tones of his enquiring voice roused the devil within her: she threw herself upon him and attempted to strangle

him! He was physically far weaker than his assailant, infuriated as she was by drink and greed, but he struggled manfully, although stifling under her weight and the coverlet forced into his mouth.

At this juncture she noticed a sharp foreign dagger lying on the table: seizing it, she remorselessly buried it in her master's throat!

Not unfrequently has it been said, that women when excited to deeds of wickedness, become worse than men: the boy, disturbed by his father's last struggle, awakened and starting up in the bed beginning to cry: instantly Sarah Webb plunged the dagger into his heart! The girl still slept quietly, but the poor mother awakening and realising what had happened, screamed aloud for help. That cry was her last, for the maddened murderess stifled her with the pillow. While still holding her mistress down, Sarah Webb beheld the little girl awake, spring from the bed and rush wildly to the door, while her screams resounded through the house, till the murderess trembled with terror.

Tom Webb, starting from his heavy sleep, hurried along the hall and up the stairs, where in the vivid moonlight May Rolliston confronted him, pale and shrieking and in sheer fright sprang for protection into his arms: he rushed forward into the chamber, and what a sight met his eyes!

Mr. and Mrs. Rolliston and their little son, lay dead before him, while the poor baby was breathing its last breath in the grasp of her who had just destroyed it.

May Rolliston clung to Tom Webb, weeping pitifully. "So," growled his wife, "you come when the trouble of getting the money is over?"

"My God, Sarah," cried he, "what dreadful act is this." "Dreadful act you call it, do you," cried the female fiend, "I call it business, and I'll finish it. Let go that girl."

"Would you kill her too: no, you shall not!"

"Idiot," screamed the tigress, "are we to let her live and be hanged ourselves? Let her go!"

"You shall not harm a hair of the child's head," he cried vehemently.

"I will kill her," Sarah yelled, "and you too, if you come in my way."

"And I tell you, I'll die before I let you touch her, you murderess," shouted Tom, and retreating a pace with the girl placed for safety behind him, he fiercely regarded her, exclaiming:

"By heaven, move another step and I'll send you after your victims."

She sprang forward and made a grasp at the girl; but the lodge keeper collecting all his strength struck his wicked wife full upon the forehead: she reeled under the crashing blow and fell with a heavy thud against the fender.

Just then the returning domestics rushed into the room, to see before them four dead bodies, the cruel murderess senseless and her husband still supporting the insensible form of the last of the Rollistons.





CHAPTER II.

WHERE I WAS BORN. — MY EARLIEST MASTERS. —
FIRST APPEARANCE AS THE GIPSY BOY IN "GUY
MANNERING". — THE GRECIAN THEATRE. — EXPE-
RIENCE OF DRURY-LANE UNDER MACREADY'S
MANAGEMENT.

Looking back over a vista of nearly 50 years, what strange vicissitudes may we not recall? The lights and shades of life; its alternate joy and sadness. Especially is this so upon the stage, where wear and tear, mental and physical, is deep and sustained.

The foregoing chapter relates an incident, which happened at the outset of my professional career: the story is, alas! too true, and well do I recall the universal horror evoked by the terrible deed.

Not long ago I met the only survivor of that sanguinary night, now a happy

mother with a devoted husband and not a few olive branches.

Of the culprit Sarah Webb, it may be briefly stated, that she was executed. Her husband was acquitted, and I afterwards discovered him in a theatre, where he obtained occasional employment.

To the last he declaimed against the justice of the sentence, vehemently holding that both were equally to blame and should have been hanged together.

I will now proceed to deal with the practical details of my life: occasionally pausing to draw aside the curtain which shrouds some strange experiences I have encountered.

I do not write with regard to chronological order or ambitious excellence; indeed my only hope is to enlist the readers sympathy by freely reciting a few circumstances in the wayward career of a singer.

I was born October 21, 1821 at Shooters Hill, in Kent. My father was a musician and it was said that at an early age I used my voice with no little skill.

When fourteen years old I performed the duties of organist at North Cray Church, where I likewise had charge of the local choir.

“Doctors differ” it is said; so too do singing masters.

The professor under whom I studied, treated me as a baritone; yes and as a baritone I came upon the stage and succeeded.

While studying harmony and counterpoint under Mr. H. Calcott I practised the piano with John Cramer.

I also learned to play more than one musical instrument, including the violin, violoncello, oboe and bassoon; in fact so proficient did I become as a violinist, that at the beginning of my career I not seldom undertook the duties of orchestral leader.

In 1839, being then in my eighteenth year, I made my debut at the Newcastle-on-Tyne theatre, as the Gipsy Boy in “Guy Mannering,” for the benefit of the late tenor George Barker.

This was followed by my *appearance*

as Count Rodolfo, the travelling nobleman in "La Somnambula." Some years afterwards I earned enthusiastic applause for singing and acting the tenor part in this same delightful pastoral of Bellini's.

There have been instances of singers coming out as tenors and finding afterwards that they had baritone voices: Lablache, for example, is said to have played the part of Count Almaviva in the "Barber of Seville" before relinquishing it for that of Figaro — which he in turn gave up for that of Dr. Bartolo, thus descending from tenor to baritone, from baritone to bass.

But other than myself I am not aware of a vocalist commencing as a baritone, then rising to the rank of tenor, and holding a foremost position as such for upwards of forty years.

Subsequent to my engagement at Newcastle I sang at the Grecian Theatre under the *nom de théâtre* of "Mr. Johnson."

I likewise underwent a course of training at the hands of Mr. Hobbs and

Mr. I. Cook as a tenor — and appeared at Drury-Lane, then under the direction of Macready.

The management of Macready at this theatre fills a page of histrionic art, so excellent were his productions both musical and dramatic: to be engaged there was an honour; no matter in what capacity, and being offered the post of second tenor, I gladly accepted it and such parts as Ottocar in „Der Freischütz” devolved upon me, and on many occasions it fell to my lot to sing “Come if you dare!”

Purcell’s “King Arthur,” dating from the year 1691, contains some admirable pieces of music; however the war-song of the Britons “Come if you dare!” has survived the rest of the work.

“There is,” says Dr. Burney, “a latent power and force in his (Purcell’s) expression of English words, whatever be the subject, that will make an unprejudiced native of this island feel more than all the elegance, grace, and refinement of modern music, less happily applied, can do; and this pleasure is communi-

cated to us, not by the symmetry or rhythm of modern melody, but by his having tuned to the true accents of his mother tongue those notes of passion, which an inhabitant of this island would breathe in such situations as the words describe. And these indigenous expressions of passion Purcell had the power to enforce by the energy of modulation, which on some occasions was bold, affecting, and sublime. Handel," he adds, "who flourished in a less barbarous age for his art, has been acknowledged Purcell's superior in many particulars; but in none more than the art and grandeur of his choruses, the harmony and texture of his organ fugues, as well as his great style of concertos; the ingenuity of his accompaniments to his songs and choruses; and even in the general melody of the airs themselves; yet in the accent, passion, and expression of English words, the vocal music of Purcell is, sometimes, to my feelings, as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation."

That Purcell's famous war-song prov-

ed a success, goes without saying; yet I was by no means allowed to have my own way in rendering it.

Macready was a fine actor and not only a good manager in the business sense of the words, but also as a director of knowledge and taste. However, he insisted on having "Come if you dare" addressed to enemies in the rear of the stage, thus compelling me to turn my back to the audience. — Vain were my expostulations; Mr. Macready was inexorable. —

Manifestly to defy the foe, while at the same time shouting that defiance in an opposite direction would seem ludicrous; so I hit upon a compromise as follows: standing sideways and alternately looking towards the audience and the savage host, whom I dared to approach, I nevertheless sang the song to the former.

The result of my efforts to reconcile two conflicting situations, was instant dismissal.

But Macready failing to find an adequate substitute, gladly reengaged me; however, the imperious manager insisted

on payment of a fine, which he fixed at five pounds.

While playing the part of First Warrior at Drury-Lane, an incident took place, which happily influenced my whole life.

An enthusiastic lover of music had heard the performance and afterwards speaking thereupon to a young student of musical art said: "Miss Lucombe, come and hear a new tenor, who is destined to be a great artiste."

This lady afterwards became my wife.

During my engagement at Drury-Lane, extending over two seasons, the occurrence, related in the following chapter, happened.





CHAPTER III.

AN ASTRAL DOUBLE.

Wellington Manning, M. A., was one of those literary offshoots, who haunt, like unquiet ghosts, the neighbourhood of Fleet-St., or else seek refuge in the great reading-room of the British Museum, finding there that warmth and comfort, which they seek in vain elsewhere.

In his youth he was destined for the Church, but coming unexpectedly into possession of considerable property, he gave up his career and sought the fashionable world. Of a soft, impressionable nature, he easily became the prey of unscrupulous adventurers, and acquiring a taste for gambling, and all kinds of dis-

sipation, his large fortune was quickly dissipated and he sunk into direst poverty.

However, unlike the coarser type of Bohemian, who delights in low associates, Wellington Manning, M. A., never consorted with pronounced imbibers or sporting characters, but sought those of fallen reputation and aristocratic lineage, whose abasement was the more real by reason of their obstinate self-esteem.

His tall, slender person was always encased in a shabby frock coat, whose whitened seams and shining surface bespoke the poverty of its wearer; and he was never apparently, in possession of more than one glove at a time. "Sub editing" was his invariable reply to all inquiries regarding his means of existence.

"Knowing ones" winked aside when they heard this, for truth to tell, his favourite haunt was the "Bells," Mitre Court, where kindred spirits, who had wasted alike their life and intellect, aspersed society in general, and successful literary men in particular.

Wellington Manning had essayed writing a serial story, beside many light effusions both in poetry and prose, but unfeeling publishers, with an eye to business, demanded brain work of the commonplace and practical kind rather, than those imaginative flights, which lead to fame both present and future.

This was the *bête noir* of the once distinguished poet and scholar; mind and body alike failed, and at last the end came and he died.

Application to his few remaining friends yielded barely sufficient wherewith to pay funeral expenses and buy enough ground in God's acre, to save him the degradation of pauper sepulture; a gentle wife and pale-faced boy survived him, their only inheritance poverty and neglect.

Woeful were the years that passed for Mrs. Wellington Manning and her son. Hers was the burden of ceaseless strife for bread, but by wearisome toil as a daily governess, she contrived to maintain herself and child. Alas! is it

not the most humiliating of all trials to live amongst the purse-proud and vulgar, who seek by every means to wound the sensitive spirits they cannot comprehend; and this seems to be peculiarly the case of gentlewomen compelled to become governesses.

Wellington Manning junior grew up unusually tall, and proportionately weak. "Nothing organically wrong," was the doctor's dictum, "good food and warm clothing is all he requires."

The advice sounded somewhat cynical; but about this time Wellington obtained a situation in a City-house which paid him a fairly good salary; true, the long hours of confinement were very trying to him; but as the old saw has it: "Beggars cannot be choosers."

It was at this period that I first heard of the widow and her son; moreover, that the latter possessed an uncommonly fine baritone voice. His mother, he said, had taught him all he knew, and now she was growing blind. I became acquainted with young Man-

ning and found the reports, I had heard of his fine voice, had not been exaggerated, and I felt certain that a brilliant future on the operatic stage awaited him.

He would never accept an offer of pecuniary assistance, no matter how delicately made, and seldom alluded to home circumstances; indeed he was naturally reserved and, unless addressed, silent.

Whenever I spoke to him of his future career and the certainty of his becoming famous, an expression stole over his face that seemed to deepen its natural gravity, while almost solemnly he said: "I may come within reach of such a position, yet it will never be mine."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because my death will prevent it."

"Your death!"

"Yes, I shall still persevere, but as soon as I touch the point of success, I shall die suddenly."

This became a fixed conviction, from which no arguments could wean him; and I watched his progress with growing

concern; he improved greatly both vocally and physically, but the presentiment of an untimely death never left him.

Once I asked him to tell me the origin of this morbid idea, but he had no better reason for his strange belief, than an unusual coincidence that had happened on the death of his father and grandfather; though years had elapsed between those events, the date and hour were precisely similar, viz, the first of March at seven in the evening.

“Merely a coincidence,” I said, when he replied: “True, but it has happened to all elder sons in my father’s family, without exception, for generations.” “That is, indeed, singular,” I admitted, “but you have not yet attained to half your father’s age, therefore dismiss the gloomy anticipation.”

Wellington Manning’s voice had been listened to by more than one manager, who sought to engage him for light opera; hearkening to my advice however, he declined these tempting offers and resolutely followed my musical instruc-

tions; and at length I looked for an eligible opportunity of bringing him out, so that he might begin to earn a fair living on the lyric stage, while working on to vocal perfection in private.

And so it came about that I secured Wellington Manning's first engagement at Drury-Lane, that grand old temple of the Drama, with its imperishable memories and world renowned examples of vocal and histrionic greatness.

The opera selected was "L'Elisir d'Amore," wherein Manning was to sing the part of Belcore, and I that of Nemorino; the pantomime had an unusually lengthy run that year, up to the end of February; indeed so successful was it, that the manager suggested postponing the opera.

However the expense of keeping so many vocalists unemployed, while under engagement, decided the point and the pantomime finished its career, probably to the regret of the lighter minded section of the public.

Our rehearsals likewise came to an

end: L'Elisir d'Amore was ready, lacking nothing in vocal strength and musical completeness.

Wellington Manning temporarily relinquished his appointment in the City with the consent of his kind employer. If vocally successful he returned no more, if not, he would be very welcome to his office desk, with its accompaniments of long hours, fetid atmosphere and relative penury.

Shaking his hand warmly and bidding him come down early that opening night, I parted with him at the stage door after our final rehearsal.

Five hours later I drove across Westminster-Bridge on my way to Drury-Lane. It was a wretchedly cold evening. March had come in with our proverbial east wind, which held everyone and everything in its chilling grip, and vainly did closely muffled pedestrians struggle against its inroads.

My carriage was bowling at a good pace down Parliament-Street, when the friend who was with me, touching my

arm, said "There goes Wellington Manning." I looked in the direction indicated and there before us, closely wrapped up and walking quickly, I saw our young friend.

As I was lowering the window, to ask Manning if he would accept a lift to the theatre, the abbey clock with seven solemn strokes added another hour to the changeless past. I just looked at my watch, to time it and opened the carriage door.

But nowhere could we see Manning; this was the more strange, as at that particular place there was no entrance or narrow way, into which he could have disappeared. Turning to the coachman I said: "Did you see Mr. Manning?"

"Yes, sir, but he went all in a second, directly I saw him, and I don't know where he got to."

The pitiless wind caused me to close the door abruptly, forgetting all but the intense cold, which would *not* be forgotten.

Some little thing or another is always

wanted on a first night, and having made two or three halts to repair these omissions, we arrived at the stage entrance of Old Drury.

"Send for the understudy, Lucraft, at once," the manager was saying as I entered, and passing through the narrow hall, he met me and said "Poor Manning has just died suddenly."

"What," I cried horror-stricken, "Manning dead!" "Yes, he died at home half an hour ago."

"Exactly at seven o'clock, Sir," said the messenger, who had brought the sad news. "I heard the clock in the St. John's wood barracks strike, just as he expired."

And I suddenly recollected, that this was the first day of March!





CHAPTER IV.

MY DEBUT IN ITALY AS EDGARDO IN "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR".

In 1843 I went to Paris to take lessons from a very distinguished master living at that time who is still well known by a published "method" and by his exercises for the voice; I mean Signor Bordogni.

From Paris I proceeded to Milan, where I studied for some time under Signor Mazzucato.

Here my voice, expression, and style, were so much appreciated, that I was asked to appear at the theatre of La Scala, the most celebrated Opera-house in Italy.

The part I chose for my debût was that of Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

In that famous part, composed for Duprez, and which Duprez and the still

greater Rubini had both performed with striking success, I may fairly claim to have been applauded to the echo.

Thus though proud to be called an English singer, it ought not to be forgotten that my first operatic triumph was gained in Italian Opera, in the presence of an Italian audience at the first lyrical theatre in Italy. The evening on which I made my first appearance at the Scala theatre, I was visited in my dressing-room by the distinguished tenor, who had so often sung the part in which I had just achieved such signal success, and who during his engagement at the Scala had occupied the same apartment, as that placed at my disposal.

Rubini warmly complimented me on my vocal and histrionic attainments. "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti's most admired opera, containing some of the most beautiful melodies, in the sentimental style, that he has composed, and altogether his best finale, had been produced ten years before at Naples, with Duprez in the part of Edgardo, and Madame

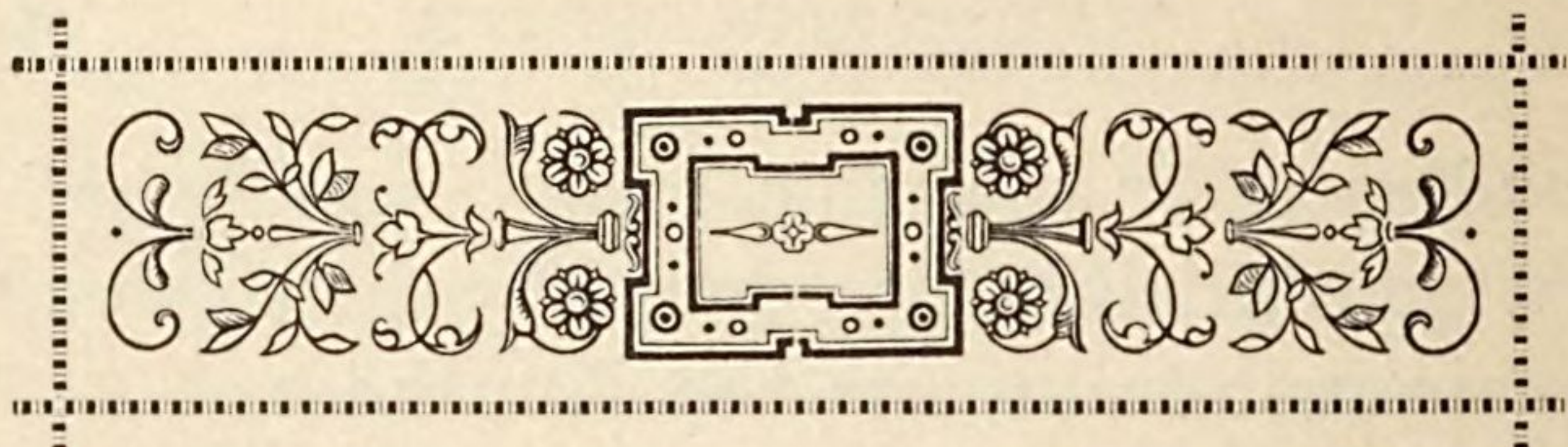
Persiani in that of Lucia and its popularity was just then at its height. Of late years the Italian operatic stage has not boasted one tenor, who has been able to produce, in the important part of Edgardo, such effect as seemed to proceed naturally from the singing of the eminent vocalists, who made their mark in the part during the first dozen years of the opera's existence. The public at that time used to wait anxiously for the grand scena with which the opera terminates, and which was generally regarded as the most interesting and most exciting portion of the work. This scena is, in fact, a great dramatic scene, in which the singer has not simply to deliver so many bars of recitative, leading to a conventional andante or adagio, which will in its turn be followed by the inevitable cabaletta. The scene is, in a picturesque sense, highly impressive; and the moonlit cemetery in which the formerly love-stricken, then indignant and enraged, now despondent and broken-hearted Edgardo has come to meditate and die, prepares the

audience for the melodious "Swan Song," so appropriately introduced by the solemn, plaintive strains for the four horns.

Edgardo has to utter no mere soliloquy in so many divisions. The scena, as before observed, is highly dramatic; and particularly fine is the effect produced by the sudden arrival of the chorus, which, interrogated by the desperate man, tells him in a placid melody, strongly contrasting with his passionate exclamations, that Lucia is no more and thus precipitates his end. Duprez, Rubini, Moriani, were admirable in this scene, but in the ordinary way the glory of this part, formerly so much admired, would seem to have passed away: a result, due partly, no doubt, to the striking success achieved by a series of very charming Lucias: Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Albani, and Madame Christine Nilsson; but also and above all, to the difficulty of finding an adequate representative of Edgardo.

This recalls an episode which I will relate in the following Chapter.





CHAPTER V.

THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER.

During a long course of provincial tours I came to the conclusion, many years since, that cathedral towns are the most dull and lifeless places on the face of the earth, and the air of quasi gentility, which is assumed by the better class of inhabitants, together with their tea parties and the scandal talked thereat, grows very wearisome to men of the world. Particularly "pharisaical" too is their observance of the Sunday, when each "fashionable" dame seeks to excel her neighbours in the gorgeousness of her Sabbath raiment; but I fear there is more worldly jealousy than religious

fervour in the bosoms of these edifying church-goers.

Rochester proved no exception to this rule, and its belligerent bishop was despotic both in his sacerdotal and private character, tolerating no laxity or indifference towards either himself or his high office.

His Christianity was of the muscular type, obstinate and aggressive; and his opponents declared that Dr. Winthrop had been made bishop of Rochester in order if possible to silence his bellicose outpourings, oral and literary, directed against certain weaknesses of "the powers that be."

Mrs. Winthrop was a puny, frail woman possessing neither will or individuality; in the days when he was but a struggling cleric, he had scarcely deigned to consult her wishes even on household affairs; and when he reached episcopal rank, no more was this meek wife accounted as of importance in his social or domestic relations: but he loved their only daughter with an affection surprising in one of so uncongenial a nature.

She was a bright fair-haired girl just blossoming into womanhood, and his lordship of Rochester thought nothing too precious or good for his cherished child.

Dr. Winthrop was fond of music: so was his daughter, and to hear her lovely voice in the cathedral choir made the proud prelate thrill with emotion: Constance and her musical talent touched the only weak spot in the bishop's nature; and under his regime the arts of music and singing were a prominent feature in Rochester society.

The most difficult works of the great masters were frequently performed, and the fact, that Dr. Winthrop both aided in and patronised their production, bespoke a certainty of success.

The leading tenor parts were sung by Henry Sherstone, a good looking young fellow, about 20 years old, who was a "teller" in the principal bank of the city; and possessed a singularly sweet and powerful voice.

Many an invitation to private concerts and musical parties was refused by young

Sherstone, and people called him self-conceited in consequence; particularly, as it was known, he attended all gatherings at the episcopal palace: though when questioned as to the cause of his absence from other entertainments, he generally sought refuge in the excuse of not feeling well.

This statement did not meet with much credence, and, as I have said, the young bank clerk was cited as a sad example of vanity and self-esteem; when, however, he did consent to sing, all was forgotten and forgiven in the pleasure of listening to his powerful and sympathetic voice.

The real cause of Henry Sherstone's refusal of the courtesies extended to him was simply bashfulness; instead of being vain he was retiring and shy, possessing little confidence in himself, and it required a great effort on his part to screw up his moral courage to the point of appearing in society.

This weakness he scarcely ever confessed; but Constance Winthrop had seen through and understood his nature, li-

king him the better for what her father styled his "humility," though whenever the young clerk happened to meet the bishop's daughter, he only lifted his hat, and quickly turned away; and in the choir he remained apart from her, unless their musical duties brought them together.

He was advised to study vocal music under a first rate maestro; and this he did as far as his duties in the bank would permit him.

Here I should like to make a short digression, and comment on the great evils arising from the pretensions of musical quacks, who offer to teach singing, without possessing one of the necessary qualifications; indeed, I could count the really clever professors of singing on my fingers!

A carpenter, housepainter, or any other mechanic has to serve an apprenticeship in order to learn his craft; but all that the charlatan "professor" of singing requires, is a brass door plate, and an unlimited amount of "cheek".

Many a voice, which was naturally sweet and sympathetic, has been irreparably ruined by this system; yes, and I regret to say, the monstrous evil is growing, by reason of advertisements, which offer unwary musical aspirants lessons at a rate less than is paid for the most ordinary kind of mechanical labour.

With teachers professing to hold "Conservatoire" diplômes and to be able to teach proper production of voice and phrasing, within a given time at a less price than vermin-powder costs, good singers ought to be plentiful, but unfortunately the reverse holds good: we have few eminent vocalists, and unquestionably it is not for lack of good voices.

There came under my notice once the case of a certain Johnny Ryan, an adventurer from the sister isle, who set up an academy where he professed to teach singing on a system, that would, as he expressed it, "make you sing whether you liked or no."

This example of shining talent Italian-

ised his name on a spacious door plate as follows:

“Signor Riani, Professor of Music,
Singing, Elocution, Declamation, &c. &c.”

The aspirant for vocal honours, who had the misfortune to fall into the “Signor’s” hands, having given him a specimen of his or her talent, the “maestro” would say with professional gravity, if his intending pupil was a female:

Oh, shure my dear, your voice is a wonder intoirely: and I’ll soon tache ye to sing “Batti, batti” in a way that ’ll shame Patti!

To male would-be-singers, his advice ran thus: “If you don’t mind, you’ll destroy your chest, and get into a galloping consumption. See, now; deepen your epiglottis, lift the valempalatum, distend your nostrils, and by the darned stockings of Moses you’ll bate Signor Sims Reeves or Mr. Mayrio.”

Whenever a simpleton paid the “Signor” (in advance of course) he called to his son saying: “Giovanni, bring in the

blunderbuss." This was a black whisky bottle, which he frequently charged; in fact as he put it colloquially: "'twas the making of his voice and reputation."

However, Henry Sherstone fortunately escaped pirates of this description, and in his limited leisure-time studied diligently under a clever and painstaking professor, and his fame as a singer soon extended beyond local circles.

He began, now, to acquire that confidence in himself which had previously been wanting; that nervous self-reliance which marks every man, who knows he can be "equal to the occasion."

Dr. Winthrop was anything but pleased at the young bank-clerk's advance in lyric fame; as long as his fine tenor voice was at the bishop's disposal, to be used for the purpose of adding to his lordship's honour and glory, well and good; but anything outside this, he declined to tolerate.

So it came to pass that young Sherstone's magnificent voice was seldom

heard in the Cathedral or at the Palace, and the Bishop would remark to his friends with pompous solemnity:

“I have grave doubts of that young man Sherstone, I fear he is drifting into evil courses.”

And presently a new tenor filled the place of the bank-teller in those musical performances patronised by the Bishop. He was a young man whose indifferent voice and overweening self-conceit made him the very opposite of Henry Sherstone; but he was destined for the church and was therefore especially welcome to Dr. Winthrop.

Constance Winthrop thought often and sadly of Henry Sherstone and his exquisite voice, and many a night did she dream of the duets they used to sing together; waking to regret that she might hear those notes no more.

Of late when she had met Henry, she noticed that he seemed more master of himself than in former times; passing her with a courteous raising of his hat,

yet with an erect self-possession which had previously been wanting.

It happened one morning towards the end of summer, that Henry Sherstone, feeling tired and overworked, sought a few hours leave of absence, and obtaining a brief respite from work, went for a short ramble into the country. Kent, England's finest county, was looking its very best, the hops were glorious in their wealth of blossoms, the Medway lay calm in the noonday sun; and the great Cathedral's majestic proportions dwarfed all that lay within its shadow.

Listlessly wandering, Henry found at length a shaded nook, where, casting himself down upon the verdant sward, he sought repose in the pleasures of thought and memory.

At length taking the M. S. of a new song from his pocket, he commenced singing the opening lines to himself in a low tone.

"Mr. Sherstone," said Dr. Winthrop's daughter, suddenly advancing from the

shade of some neighbouring trees, "Your voice has attracted me hither; how greatly it has improved."

"Miss Winthrop," he exclaimed uncovering and rising hastily, "this is indeed an unexpected honour."

"Honour, Mr. Sherstone!"

"Yes, you are Dr. Winthrop's daughter."
"And you, Mr. Sherstone, are possessed of most uncommon gifts."

"To be a wretched bank-clerk, is indeed an uncommon gift," he echoed with a depth of melancholy satire that went to her heart.

"But, she said, there is a bright future opening before you, I am certain you will make a name."

"What's in a name," he replied, bitterly. "My father won a name in the service of his country; and I, the son of Colonel Sherstone, dead three years ago, am left a drudge in a public bank."

"You never thought enough of yourself," she observed soothingly.

"Ah! Miss Winthrop! it is because I

have thought so much of myself, that I feel so unhappy, but I am soon going away, where I shall try to forget. — “What?” she interrupted, “you are going away?” “Yes, I shall soon leave this place never to return, unless relieved from this load of insupportable misery.”

“O, don’t go,” escaped involuntarily from her lips; then she looked on the ground, blushing painfully. He grew very pale, but continued:

“Miss Winthrop, I am going abroad this month; I believe in what you say, that I shall make a name; but never can I forget what I have gone through;” he paused; but she remained silent, and he resumed.

“I am not of those who cease to remember; and I can never forget your kind notice of me in the past. The world esteemed me frivolous and vain: I was not so, but I shrank into myself because of my position; this period of my life will soon come to an end. While others slighted, you alone, Miss Winthrop, seemed to pity and understand me, and I

thank you for your gracious toleration of the poor bank-clerk."

"Mr. Sherstone, you wrong me by using the word toleration: I have a true esteem for you."

"Miss Winthrop," he said earnestly, "do not speak so kindly to me; I fear, lest I forget that you are." — "What I ever shall be," she said hastily, "your sincere friend."

"Oh forgive me, he cried suddenly but it is you — you, who are the cause of my misery."

"I," she echoed in surprise, "why am I the cause?" "Because I have dared to love you," he answered, "but forgive my temerity and presumption: it is all I ask, "forgive me."

"What is this I hear, unhallowed scoundrel," thundered the bishop's voice, as striding suddenly forward he stood between them. "Away with you, presumptuous rascal, before I punish your impertinence as it deserves."

"Oh father, father!" she entreated do

not speak so; do not be angry, remember he and I have known each other almost from childhood!

Henry Sherstone stood proudly erect and looked the Bishop full in the eyes. "Of course, my lord," he said firmly, "you consider me deserving of your wrath; but, recollect, I am a gentleman's son."

"How dare you bandy words with me, Sir," roared the enraged prelate, "but I shall not condescend to argue with you; fortunately for you, you are leaving the place, had it been otherwise, you should have been turned away."

"It is ungenerous of your lordship thus to assail my weakness," said Henry Sherstone sadly, "yet, never mind; farewell, Miss Winthrop," and raising his hat the bank clerk walked onwards.

But he cast an agonized backward glance at the girl, which nerved her to desperation, and springing after him ere her father could detain her, she caught his hand, and looking earnestly into his face said:

“Henry, wherever you may go, always remember Constance Winthrop.”

“Great Heavens” — shouted the Bishop. — “Yes, father, before he leaves this for ever, I tell you, I love Henry Sherstone!”





CHAPTER VI.

LA SCALA.

I had been singing in the French capital, and from there, passed on to the scene of some of my earliest successes: La Scala. Milan, which was then occupied by a kind of "scratch" company, foremost among whom was a countryman of my own, known as Signor Certoni, who had lately gained fame on the Italian stage.

I was more than pleased to learn this of one in whom I took great personal interest, and for whom on several occasions I had, as it were, stood lyrical sponsor.

As I write thus, in these later years, I have not forgotten my own experiences of a first night at La Scala.

True, I succeeded; but what does the world conceive as a rule of the young artiste, when first launched upon the stage; of his consciousness of possessing the sacred fire, his consuming anxiety and apprehension, and, when all is over, his utter weariness from the reaction consequent on unwonted excitement, which even success cannot allay. These are some of the trials of a young singer at the commencement of his career, which, while leaving no trace upon him in the public eye, yet burn into his very soul. A plaything of idlers who seek amusement, he is at the mercy of public favour: and a faltering note or careless action may draw down upon him the hasty criticism of those who, while their opinion for some unexplained reason carries weight, are yet incapable of seeing further than the outer surface, and who may almost blight his career with a stroke of their pen; and the recollection of what "So and so" once said, is never quite forgotten.

Of my home for nigh half a century — the Stage, — I could not write unkindly:

yet, even I must admit, that jealousy dwells with all its votaries, Great triumphs will sometimes obliterate this feeling: but many a promising aspirant has sunk into an early grave, broken-hearted for the want of some sympathetic recognition.

Among my friends then in Milan, the few days preceding my reappearance at La Scala, passed pleasantly away; and the chief of my special intimates was one Dr. Fraser, a good-natured young fellow from "over the Border," with a certain shrewd humour about him.

He was liberal in money matters, but to pay a single penny beyond the actual sum due for a debt, he ever obstinately declined.

In all ways, Angus Fraser was most estimable: his wit was perhaps lacking in Hibernian sparkle, but, though slow, it was sure. He said once during a dinner at the "Embassy": So much has been spoken in praise of Dublin car drivers, that I suppose it is only there, "Carmen" can be played or sung in perfection.

He did not altogether coincide with

the general belief in the humour of this class; though he told several stories of their ready wit.

One night after dutifully escorting an aunt of his home, on an "outside" car, he tendered the driver the legal fare, viz. sixpence. The Jehu regarded the coin with disgust, then said "Sure the drive ye've had's worth more than this now." "It's your legal fare" said the practical Doctor. "But the lady, Sir," said Pat, with a sly wink, "wouldn't ye give more on her account now". "Oh she's my aunt", "Well" responded the carman with lofty contempt, "if that's all you'll give for your aunt, I pity your uncle".

On another occasion being late for a dinner engagement, Fraser rushed into the street and hailing a car, said to the carman, "Drive fast, I am late for dinner." He was brought to his destination so rapidly, that he felt as though like Mahomet's coffin, he was between earth and air. The inevitable sixpence was tendered.

"Why, Sir," said the carman in an aggrieved tone, "the mare would go home

tail foremost, if she saw this coin; thank God, she's blind. "Well, it's your legal fare, my man." "Yes," muttered the carman mounting the box seat, "it's the legal fare, bad luck to yur larnin'", then raising his voice as he drove off, "may be it's a good thing for ye, that ye'se going where you'll get a dinner for nothing."

On the last night of Signor Certoni's engagement, I occupied a quiet seat in the stage box, "*Sonnambula*" being the opera; its light music suited him admirably, and he excelled in mezzo colouring. At the end of one phrase which he sung "*con passionato*", I heard some commotion in a neighbouring box, and ascertaining that a young lady had fainted, I went round with the object of offering assistance.

She was a pale-faced fragile girl; and her mother seemed a weak nerveless woman. Accompanying them to their carriage, she told me her daughter had for some time been subject to fits of melancholy: she had been ordered to Italy for change, and as she had a passion

for music, she had been taken to the opera as a last resource.

Early the following morning Dr. Fraser called upon me, "My dear Reeves" said he, "you have rendered a signal service to a patient of mine." "Of yours" I echoed in surprise. "Yes, the young lady you gave assistance to last night, is a source of no little concern to me. She and her mother speak warmly of your kindness: do come over with me, and call upon them."

"With pleasure," I answered, "but who are they?" My friend entered into a long statement of the circumstances of the case; and ended by saying: "If her tendency to melancholia cannot be cured it will undoubtedly prove fatal in a short time".

Betimes, I found myself talking to the girl's parents, and it seemed to me that her father, though apparently a brusque, harsh-natured man, felt his daughter's condition far more acutely, than did her weak insipid mother.

Oh, he said to me almost piteously,

"I would willingly resign all I possess, could I recall the past and see my child happy once more."

And taking Fraser and myself into his confidence, he told us the whole story of the why and wherefore of his daughter's state of despondency, which change of scene and travelling could not alleviate: nay, it even seemed more pronounced since listening to "Sonnambula" the previous night.

The old man's story surprised as much as it interested me: and on leaving the hotel, in company with Fraser, his answers to certain questions of mine, confirmed a decision I had already come to.

"Angus," I declared, "I'll cure that girl yet." „You!" he said, surprised. „Yes, I make no pretensions to medical lore, but" —

"If you can help the poor girl in any way" he observed, "I shall only be too happy."

"But shall I get the fees?" asked I laughingly.

"My dear Reeves," he said seriously,

"it is not a trivial matter; brain mischief we can do little to arrest; but if you can alleviate her condition in any way, do so for Heaven's sake."

"When shall you call upon them again?"

"To-morrow morning, unless summoned earlier." "Well, say to-morrow, Fraser, and let me come with you." "Agreed, my dear fellow," said Angus, "and a thousand thanks: I am deeply interested in her case, remember she is an only child."

That night I slept little, but thought of the past, and of the chequered ways of life; and next day accompanied by kind-hearted Angus, and another friend, I called upon the family; the parents received us in their drawing-room; the girl, who seemed weaker than ever, lay upon a couch.

After we had exchanged salutations I said, "Permit me to introduce Signor Certoni."

"Why surely, cried the astonished father, it is" — "Henry Sherstone!" passionately exclaimed the poor invalid,

rushing into the outstretched arms of the supposed "Signor".

By far the most astonished and delighted of all, was the *soi-disant* bank-clerk himself; it was the realisation of his life dream: a dream that he had never dared to hope might come true: and there is now no happier couple than Henry Sherstone and his wife, née Constance Winthrop.





CHAPTER VII.

HOW I SANG IN AN ENGLISH VERSION OF "LUCIA
DI LAMMERMOOR" AT DRURY-LANE.

After terminating my engagement at La Scala, I appeared with unvarying success at several other Italian theatres.

I then returned to England; and in December 1847 joined the company, which the late M. Jullien had formed for playing English Opera at Drury-Lane.

Jullien had obtained much success as a conductor of promenade concerts; and he now aspired to make himself a name as an operatic director. Struck by the fact that the so-called "Grand Opera" of Paris was officially designated "Academy of Music," it had occurred to him that

some intimate connection must exist between the Opera and the Conservatoire. The pupils of the Paris Conservatoire receive, in fact, a certain number of free admissions from the Opera; and pupils of the Conservatoire, duly qualified, are allowed to sing in the Opera chorus. But beyond this very slight bond of union, no connection whatever exists between the Conservatoire and the Académie. The Académie "Royale," "Nationale," "Impériale," as it has been successively called, derives its name from the Italian *academia*, signifying "concert," and has been known as the "Académie" ever since its first establishment upwards of two hundred years ago; whereas the Conservatoire, whose constitution is supposed to be somehow bound up with the Opera, was only founded at the beginning of the present century. M. Jullien, however, was convinced that the Académie of Paris was thus designated from its being regarded as a school of art; and it seemed to him that the same sort of relations might with advantage be established be-

tween our "Royal Academy of Music" and the Opera he proposed to found, as those which he believed to exist between the Conservatoire and the Académie of Paris. "Thanks to this combination," his prospectus set forth, "hope and competition will act as spurs to mental capacity, while fortune and favour will urge the aspirant onward to a goal now for the first time presented to his eyes."

Our Royal Academy of Music had scarcely the opportunity of contributing in any direct manner to such success as M. Jullien's enterprise met with. What, however, chiefly concerns me in the matter is, that at Drury-Lane, as managed by M. Jullien, I made my first appearance before a London audience in a leading operatic character. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was brought out in an English version; and my Italian success was fully renewed in London. "The most remarkable event of the evening," writes the critic of the Times, the morning after the first performance, "was the debut of Mr. Sims Reeves in the

character of *Edgardo*. So rare a success has seldom been achieved by an English vocalist. To a voice of excellent quality, flexible in the highest degree, he adds the advantage of sedulous study in Italy, and comes before the public with all the style of an Italian singer. The duet in the first act showed the complete management of the voice, and the ability of the artist to adapt it to the softest expressions of tenderness; but it left an impression that he would scarcely be equal to the terrible passion of the second act. But this act was his triumph. The malediction, delivered with the greatest force, took the audience greatly by surprise; and the zeal with which he abandoned himself to the strong emotion of the scene produced an electrical effect. We have seldom seen so much passion so naturally assumed. It was *Edgardo* himself, with all his native fierceness: all his torments. The sorrows of the third act were rendered with the most touching pathos, and with the nicest skill, the *piano* being sustained perfectly. At

the fall of the curtain the first impulse of the audience was a universal cry of 'Reeves.'"

My singing in the part of Edgardo and the impression my performance made upon the audience, have been borne witness to by Hector Berlioz, who had been engaged as orchestral conductor, and who, in a letter from London contained in his published correspondence ("*Correspondance Inedite de Hector Berlioz*," page 153), wrote as follows: "The 'Bride of Lammermoor,' with Madame Gras, and Reeves, cannot, in my opinion, fail to go well. Reeves has a beautiful natural voice, and sings as well as it is possible to sing in this frightful English language." "The opening of our grand opera has had," he afterwards writes, "great success. The English press praises it with one accord. Madame Gras, and Reeves, the tenor, were recalled four or five times with frenzy; and really they both deserved it. Reeves is a discovery beyond price for Jullien. He has a charming voice of an essentially distinguished and sympathetic

character; he is a very good musician; his face is very expressive, and he plays with all his national fire as an Irishman." The reader is already aware that I was born at Shooters Hill, in Kent, of English parents.

M. Jullien proposed (in his prospectus) to bring out Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris;" and a consulting committee which he had formed, consisting of Sir Henry Bishop, Sir George Smart, M. Planché, and himself, was assembled to consider the advisability of producing the work; however, it was determined to leave it alone.

"Lucia" was, after a time, set aside for the production of a new opera by Balfe, in which I had accepted the tenor part. This was the "Maid of Honor," based on a subject which had already been treated with success—and not in one form alone—by the composer Flotow. Already, in 1843, Herr Flotow had joined two French composers, Burgmüller and Deldevez, in composing the music of a ballet called "Lady Henriette," which

was afterwards produced at Drury Lane under the title of "Lady Henrietta, or the Statute Fair." Then a German libretto was written on the subject of the ballet, which, set to music by Flotow, was entitled "Martha." Flotow had given a particular charm to his work by introducing into the principal situation, or rather into several of the principal situations, the beautiful Irish melody known as the "Last Rose of Summer;" and it has been said that "with this rose in his button-hole the Chamberlain of the Duke of Mecklenburg will go, at least a little way, down to posterity." In arranging "Martha" for the Italian stage, the composer added two new airs, one for the contralto, the other for the baritone; and he made some further change in re-arranging it for the Théâtre Lyrique, where, thanks in a great measure to Madame Nilsson's charming impersonation of the heroine, it was represented upwards of three hundred nights. In the German piece the action takes place in the reign of Queen Anne. The author of the

Italian version has, for some inscrutable reason, gone back to the fifteenth century. Thus the characters in the Italian "Martha" wear, or ought to wear, mediæval dresses; though the heroine invariably attires herself according to the latest fashions, while *Nancy* puts on any riding-habit that may happen to please her. In the French version the librettist has made the incidents of the drama occur almost in the present day.

Balfe's librettist followed closely enough the incidents presented in Flotow's opera of "Martha," although he treated the subject not with the lightness it demanded, but seriously, solemnly, and almost in melodramatic style. The "Maid of Honor," in spite of its rather ponderous libretto, is full of good, brilliant music; and Mr. Chas. Kenney, in his highly interesting "Life of Balfe," records the fact that it was "received by critics with unusual favour." But it somehow failed to fill the theatre. Balfe's biographer thinks that, had the performance of "Lucia" been continued, M. Jullien's enterprise

would have been successful. The "Maid of Honor" did not in any case make the impression which had been expected from the work. Mr. Kenney attributes the comparative failure of Balfe's opera to the fact that Christmas, with its demand for pantomimes and absurdities of all kinds, was at hand. The principal parts in the new work were taken by Miss Birch, Miss Miran, Mr. Weiss and myself.

After the closing of the theatre, an angry correspondence between M. Jullien and Madame Dorus Gras appeared in the newspapers; while M. Jullien himself appeared in the Bankruptcy Court. In his letter replying to Madame Dorus Gras, who had complained (without just cause) that the whole of my salary had been paid, M. Jullien wrote: "In justice to Mr. Reeves, I cannot omit publicly acknowledging my gratitude towards him for his kind and considerate conduct during the many difficulties which have arisen in the course of the season; he has at all times used his utmost exertions to serve the theatre,

and has on several occasions waived privileges for the general good, which, as an artist of his standing, he might well have exacted."





CHAPTER VIII.

A RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

It happened one night, that I had an appointment with a friend at Hampstead, so I took my seat in an evening train from Broad St. The carriage was empty when I entered, but just as the train was starting, a man accompanied by two little boys hurriedly got in.

The new arrival was a powerfully built individual with a healthy round face, and both he and the boys were well, but rather thickly clad for this the summer time of year; seemingly they belonged to the well to do working class, and the restless lads fidgetted from side to side, while

the man (apparently their father) wiped beads of perspiration off his brow.

Unquestionably his expression betokened a frank disposition, and yet it needed no disciple of Gall or Spurzheim, to trace something restless and anxious in the searching grey eyes: not a furtive look, but as though his mind were ill at ease, and I frequently found his glance directed towards myself.

Suddenly one of the boys lurched against the door, which being insecurely fastened, flew open: with a quick movement I caught him and fortunately prevented his falling out.

The expression portrayed upon the man's countenance I shall never forget.

That he was terrified will readily be imagined, although neither that feeling nor a sentiment of gratitude towards myself were sufficient to account for the look of agony, followed by an awful pallor, that overspread his face.

With no little concern at his look and manner I said "Pray, don't be so disturbed, it is the fault of some careless

porter." "Curse the railway," he shouted, "it has killed two of my children already."

I started involuntarily, his accents were so vengeful, and I watched him apprehensively, as he again wiped his brow, for he was evidently labouring under strong emotion: but mastering his feelings he said respectfully: —

"I am sorry, Sir, to have behaved so hastily, but if you knew what I have gone through, you would make allowance for me. I am heart-broken, and it's little wonder, Sir, for my poor children were killed before my very eyes," here pulling forth his handkerchief he sobbed audibly.

Tears of men come not lightly; when they do, it makes sorrow full and complete; recovering a little he spoke.

"I am a railway signal man, Sir," said he, "and have been in this company's service since I was a boy; at the time my great grief happened I was employed at the local junction. I had very little time to call my own; out of the poor wages I received for my unnaturally long hours of work I managed to save money

and buy the little house in which my family and I still live; this could not have been done without my wife's help, she took in washing and did work in the neighbourhood, which greatly helped us."

"Our cottage faces the box, where at the time of which I'm telling you, I worked the signals, on the proper handling of which depends so much valuable life and property; we then had four children and I was very happy, for I never enter a public house, Sir, and all my spare time is passed with my family; besides, when at work I could see them all day long and they could see me."

"Every day I was on duty; my wife sent over my dinner regularly in the care of two of my children. I always looked forward to it and a chat with my two dear youngsters, who came with it on their return from morning school."

The narrator paused here, as though overcome by sad recollections and passed his hand across his forehead; however, he proceeded:

"Esther and Richard were bonny little

ones, they were twins, and but for their difference in dress you would'nt have known them apart; and Hetty had such a winsome way of stroking my hair and saying "Daddy," I don't know if all fathers think so much of their little creatures as I do, Sir. Perhaps the Almighty saw I cared too much for the dear twins, and so took them to Heaven; Mr. Greenway, our vicar has told me so more than once; he's a kind gentleman, and I suppose, knows what's right, but it's hard to be told you're wrong in loving your own. I'm not a scholar, Sir, but I will venture to say, it seems to me a greater sin to illtreat children or let them run wild in the streets, and man as I am, I've often felt bitterly ashamed of my kind, when I read the newspapers."

The train here ran into the station, which was my destination, and I rose to leave the carriage, but my new friend looked disappointed at my approaching departure, while I felt not a little regret to lose the end of this sad story.

Drawing the two boys towards him,

he said in a despondent voice: "Sit down bairns, no one cares to talk to us."

A sudden impulse took possession of me, and seeing by my watch that I was early for my appointment, I said, resuming my seat: "I will go on to the next station, and in the meantime hear the end of your story, I have time enough to do so and return here again."

The shriek of a whistle interrupted us, as a London train rushed by. Starting violently he seized hold of the two boys, crying out: "That's her, curse her." "Her?" I said in wonder.

"The engine that killed my poor children, Sir, I'd know her whistle among a thousand;" then checking himself, he continued:

"Look, Sir, at the house we are passing." "Yes," I said, "What of it?"

"It's the same as mine, but smaller, you see the long garden sloping down to the railway line." "I do."

"Well it is like ours, though mine is larger and better kept, for I spent a deal of my spare time, working in it."

"It was a beautiful day, close and sunny, when my poor children last came down that garden. I had been for several hours busy signalling trains, the local races requiring extra service for passengers and cattle."

"Everything had gone smoothly, notwithstanding the extra traffic, and as the school bell rang, I began to look for the coming of my children. "They'll be here with the dinner presently," I thought, and just then I saw their mother give Richard the basket and Esther the bright tin can, and on they came down the gravelled walk."

"At first my wife used to join them, then, as time went on, she stood and watched them as they ran on together, but use breeds contempt of danger, and eventually they used to come and go by themselves, while I always kept a sharp look out for passing trains."

On this particular day I waited on the ledge in front of the box; it did me good to gaze on the dear children in that bright merry sunshine.

“Esther was first to reach the end of the garden and she waited a moment for Richard; they passed through a gap in the hedge and stood upon the line; just then a special engine came at full speed round the curve.”

I had no warning of its coming; had it been signalled, I must have known, as I had been keeping a sharp look out all the morning, on rushed the accursed monster, while doubly accursed was the heedless wretch who drove it; I stood there and saw all, powerless to save my poor children.

“One chance only remained if the little ones would hear me, signs they could not see; they were right in the path of the engine, and I sent forth a yell that seemed to have my heart’s blood in it; for I broke a small vessel in the effort I made.”

“And they did hear it, so too did the wretch in charge of the engine; and he saw my outstretched hands, waving him back. Shriek upon shriek escaped from the whistle, as he endeavoured to put on

the brakes, but too late; the monster pressed on; my darlings saw it now, but frightened and bewildered, they stood still."

"Then, oh Heaven, all grew dark before me, I knew that in that mocking sunlight my children lay dead, and with a cry I staggered and fell senseless."

"A modest stone in the churchyard near us, shows where Esther and Richard were buried after the coroner's inquest (miserable farce as it was) had declared that "nobody was to blame, but don't let it happen again."

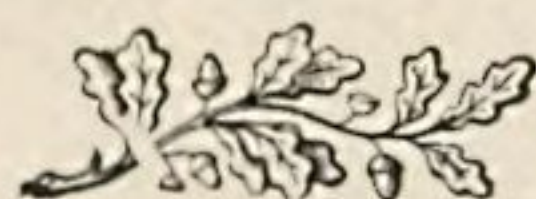
"I grew calmer in time and now seldom mention their names at home; but, Sir," and here the man laid his hand upon my arm and looking earnestly into my face, said: "It has left me heart-broken, and often have I prayed the Almighty to take me: then the thought comes that this is cowardly, for do not their mother and brothers remain?"

"But one thing at times goads me almost to madness, that engine, Sir, that passed us a while ago, with a fiendish

scream, that's the monster that destroyed my children".

"How can you tell?" I asked in surprise.

"I don't know, Sir, but I can tell; in the noon of day, or dead of night I can tell when that engine goes by. The driver, who killed my children, was dismissed by the company; but it remains. I don't need to see it, miles away, I feel it coming. By day I turn my head aside and will not look; but at night I seem to follow its course into the darkness, and when the gleam of its accursed lamps has passed, I trace its black outline and I curse it. I know too, that one day I shall either find means to destroy it or it will kill me".





CHAPTER IX.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN ORATORIO.

In the beginning of 1848, on the 10th of February, I made my first appearance in oratorio, the work selected for the occasion being "Judas Maccabæus," given at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. "Mr. Reeves," wrote the *Musical World*, in noticing the performance, "was listened to with great anxiety. His declamatory powers in recitative singing no one could doubt, but it was feared, his operatic style would not happily consort with the solidity and breadth demanded in Handel's music. Besides this, the songs for the principal tenor parts in "Judas Maccabæus" were

written in the composer's peculiar florid style, and required a flexibility of voice that few, who had heard Mr. Reeves in 'Lucia' or the 'Maid of Honor,' had given him credit for. Nevertheless, Mr. Reeves soon set aside all fears on that score, and proved himself in no wise less efficient in the interpretation of Handel's music than in that of Donizetti or Balfe. In the two florid songs, "Call forth thy Powers," and "Sound an Alarm," which require great flexibility and rapid enunciation, he was admirable. Nor was he less happy in the beautiful air, "How vain is Man," which was given with the utmost expression and exhibited his *cantabile* to perfection. Mr. Reeves obtained enthusiastic demonstrations from the audience after each song."

I sang again in "Judas Maccabæus" at the opening Concert for the season of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance was for the benefit of the British artisans, who had been driven out of Paris by the revolution of February. "The principal vocal attraction of the

evening," according to the *Musical World*, "was the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves. This gentleman, on whom it seems now to be understood that the mantle of Braham is destined to fall, was vociferously applauded throughout the evening. His best effort was his first song, 'Call forth thy Powers,' which, although not one of Handel's divinest inspirations, is admirably calculated to seduce the singer to obey the injunction given in the title."

"It is not too much to say," observed a contributor to the *Morning Post*, in an article on myself considered as a singer of Handelian music, "that in the character of *Edgar of Ravenswood* he had positively electrified the town, crowds being actually melted into tears night after night by his exquisitely pathetic delivery of the slow movement of *Edgar's* plaintive air, which may be said to form the *finale* of the 'Lucia.' It was held that a calmer, and what was thought to be a more scholastic style, would be better adapted to the rendering of Handel's masterpiece; and Mr. Reeves had to

struggle at first against a certain amount of prejudice on the part of the hearers, and also, it must be added, against an imperfect and partially mistaken Handelian tradition. Every one knows that the great master, whom we look upon as half an Englishman, yielded so far homage to the taste of his age, that he indulged in frequent rolling passages which used to be commonly regarded as mere ornaments, and *fioriture*, extraneous to the general bearing of the piece. On the contrary, Mr. Reeves, endowed in a very high degree with the gift of spontaneous sympathy, which is the first essential for the great artist, felt instinctively that the passion of the song—joy, sorrow, anger, patriotic spirit, be it what it might—must be breathed through every measure of the strain, not artificially and obtrusively, as is sometimes done by his imitators, but by the magic of that artistic inspiration which our French neighbours call '*le feu sacré*.' Curious it was to see the vast number of admirers, rapt beyond themselves by the musician's spell, responding

enthusiastically to tender exultation or fervent praise, and then doubting whether the spell had not been unlawful, and whispering to one another that this was not quite the true oratorio style after all. Of course it has been long acknowledged that this was and is the only oratorio style of singing worthy of the name."

The view just enunciated had already been well set forth by the late Mr. Chorley, in an article on the Handel Festival in the *Quarterly Review*. "All leading artists," said Mr. Chorley, "who have become interpreters of Handel with any success have sought to follow the example thus set; and it is not too much to say that we owe to Sims Reeves—his genius, his art, and his unwearied labours—a positive revolution in the interpretation of Handel's oratorios."

A romantic incident occurred about this period, which I will endeavour to recount in the following chapter.





CHAPTER X.

A POLITICAL "VIVIEN."

Lady Huntingford was admitted by all to be the most accomplished equestrienne, who ever "witched the world with noble horsemanship" in Rotten Row; and it was indeed a sight for gods and men to behold her ladyship's classic form, attired in a faultlessly fitting habit, when cantering along on her favourite horse (a steed black as night) as he daintily shook the tan from his polished fetlocks; or when, in some moment of fitful caprice, giving loose rein to "Roland," she vanished into the distance with a speed like that of the ghostly rider in the weird old German ballad.

Lady Huntingford was the most ad-

mired, and most talked of woman in that wide circle of society over which she reigned with autocratic splendour; and her house became the rendezvous of all who were famous in art and literature, and the resort of leading members of the Conservative party.

Many were her ladyship's Protean gifts: she sang like an Italian prima donna, her opinions on all subjects bespoke a bright and clever brain and the ready wit that fascinated guests at her frequent receptions and other gatherings, where she shone "a bright particular star" was surprising in a woman not yet twentyfive years old. Her husband was her antipodes in many ways; he sought quiet, she, excitement; and seldom did he appear at festive assemblies, while she was constant in attendance.

Lord Huntingford being leader of the Conservative party, which was at the time of which I am speaking, the Opposition; and a man of infinite resource tenacious of his political principles, well deserved the confidence reposed in him.

It happened at this period, that the body politic were in a ferment over some question affecting the franchise and while the Whigs "stumped the country," loudly affirming the wisdom of the contemplated measure: equally loud were the Conservatives in their vociferations against it.

As the day for the third reading of the hotly disputed Bill drew near, both of the contending parties took steps to concentrate their available strength; as, if the Government were defeated on this question, no alternative remained but to resign; and many wandering and sporting M. P.'s, who were far away from the scene of action were earnestly besought to return, and rally round their respective leaders.

It is a healthy sign of our parliamentary system, that public ferment seldom begets private rancour; but Mr. Mandeville, a Whig squire dwelling in the North, formed an exception to the above rule, and abhorred the party whereof Lord Huntingdon was chief, and would as soon have thought of breaking his

word of honour, as of associating with any of the opposition "lights." Yet the "whips" on his own side found him difficult to manage, and very seldom was the M. P. found in the House or even in town; preferring an old fashioned country life, he was regarded as somewhat of a fossil.

He remained a bachelor, and it was generally understood, his large landed estates would ultimately devolve upon three nephews, and be divided among them in equal shares. Each of these latter likewise wrote M. P. after his name; indeed any candidate, whom Squire Mandeville's influence supported, was almost certain of election, in that particular county, at least.

On this impending question of the franchise the great political parties were so equally balanced, partly through defection, and partly through pressure, that it was declared on all sides, half a dozen votes for or against must decide the fate of the Government; and Mr. Mandeville enjoyed the unique position of

being able to control this number if not more.

Such a belligerent Whig was not doubted for a moment by his own party; they would have as soon expected the Bank of England to fail them as he; yet strangely enough, the Opposition were not without hopes of winning him over to their side on this vital question. For the Squire stood between two alternatives; he must either consent to the lowering of the franchise and thereby confer upon Giles and Hodge the dignity of voters: a proceeding little in accordance with his old fashioned notions, or be false to the interests of the party of which he considered himself the backbone. —

He felt the dilemma so irksome that he resolved to go out of town for a day or two.

“But I shall return in time to support the Government,” said he to his nephews, “intensely as I dislike the Bill.”

They were heartily in accord with him; still had it been otherwise, they

would not have risked his displeasure by opposing him.

Squire Mandeville went to sojourn at Highgate; it suited his country proclivities, yet it was near the centre of events.

The day after his arrival Mr. Mandeville set out for his customary ride. He weighed sixteen stone in the saddle, but his powerful thoroughbred carried him easily; alternately cantering or trotting, he had explored some of the beautiful country adjacent; and taking an extended sweep over Hampstead's glorious heath, rode down the broad slopes leading to Hendon and Harrow.

When he neared the picturesque church of Kingsbury, a lady also on horseback cantered by, revealing to his practised eye the very poetry of equestrian motion; a liveried groom followed; a sight seldom seen in that unfrequented place.

Mr. Mandeville gazed admiringly upon her receding figure, and took his way towards the high road; proceeding a few yards he again looked northward, and was startled by seeing some object flying

swiftly across the fields. Presently it came into clearer view and he recognized the lady who had passed him only a little time before; her horse had apparently ran away with her; but he noticed that she still held one of the reins.

Mr. Mandeville rose in his saddle, and man of 16 stone as he was, cleared the opposing hedge in gallant style.

"Thank Heaven," he thought, "her horse is coming this way, I can soon arrest his course."

On came the refractory steed, his rider nearly level with the saddle, though still keeping hold of the rein; but just as the scared face of the endangered damsel was close beside him, her animal swerved and again went madly away.

He tore after them in pursuit over the fields, but his great weight and the unwonted exertion soon told upon him, and both he and his horse were compelled to desist.

Then the evil spirit, that seemed to possess the lady's steed, suddenly departed, and it floundered and stopped.

This renewed the zeal of the exhausted, but chivalrous Squire, and he caught the damsel as she was slowly falling forward in a half fainting condition.

“What a providential escape; my dear lady,” cried the worthy M. P. gently supporting her in the saddle. She looked at him with a winning smile of thanks and then said in an entreating voice. “Take me home, please.” “My mistress lives there, Sir,” said the groom, who had somewhat tardily appeared upon the scene, pointing to a red house at a short distance.

Still supporting his fair charge the weary, but gallant Squire conducted her slowly thereto; and when the house was reached bore her tenderly inside.

Very faintly she murmured, while gracefully reclined on a sofa: “Thank you a thousand times.” “Do not regard my small service, said he, but grant me the privilege of calling to-morrow to enquire if you are fully restored.” The permission was graciously given and he retired.

On calling the following day at the house, a footman who opened the door said: "Her ladyship is not" — when the groom came forward, and interrupting sharply, said: "Miss Singleton is much better, thank you, Sir, but the doctor forbids her seeing any visitors to-day."

"Miss Singleton," muttered the footman, "then in an undertone to himself, I forgot." —

The following morning found Mr. Mandeville, and the fair equestrian *tête à tête*; and strange were the emotions which filled his bachelor heart while listening to her silver tones as she expressed her thanks, and gratitude to him.

Then they conversed on current topics, and the honest Squire, bewildered by her cultivated wit and lost in admiration of her beauty, was soon many fathoms deep in love."

"May I renew my visit to-morrow," he anxiously enquired when taking his leave.

"Renew it often," said she with a bewitching smile, "what do I not owe to you?"

That night brought no sleep to Squire Mandeville. Love had taken entire possession of him, and "could she, would she forget the disparity in their years?" became his one absorbing thought.

On going to her next day the political movement then occupying the public mind was broached, and like Minerva, armed at all points, she combatted his views; at first he rebelled against her theories, but subdued by her magnetic influence he admitted all her arguments. — Time went on and the fortress being as yet impregnable, he resolved on a *tour de force*; so also, did she, although of a very different nature.

Next day, the Squire falling on his knees beside the chair of his fair enslaver, supplicated her as follows:

"Miss Singleton, I am a plain blunt man say that you will accept my heart and fortune, and overlook—"

She restrained him: "Mr. Mandeville I could hardly refuse you anything." "You accept me then," he cried rapturously. "Not so fast," said she, "recollect,

the Bill we were discussing is to be read for the third time to-night, oppose the measure; get your friends to rally round you, and turn out the Government; you can do it; and then I may."

"Never," exclaimed the Squire, "I cannot do that."

"Not even for my sake," and for the first time her fingers slightly pressed his. "Do this for me; really it is asking very little; on all other points continue to accord with your party; oblige me in this, and to-morrow I will say —" "What," he entreated. "Do not ask me now." — "Ah," (the foolish old man almost wept), "you will consent to be my wife."

"Wait till to-morrow; and remember my dearest wish to-night; surely you will make this slight sacrifice for one who" — "Darling," he sighed; but she rose with an imperious gesture: "Come to-morrow, and I will give you your answer;" then smiling sweetly as she bid him farewell, she said in a voice of sincerity impossible to doubt: "The trial may be great for you, it is still greater for me."

A day later, while the political world were discussing the defeat of the Government the previous night, owing to the unexpected action of Mr. Mandeville and his nephews, the senior M. P. of that name was ushered into the boudoir of Miss Singleton's bijou residence.

That bewitching damsel was unusually long in making her appearance, meanwhile the impassioned though antique lover paced the artistically adorned apartment in agitation; at last she entered with a heightened colour in her cheeks that made her more lovely than ever.

She advanced, and shaking the hand of the expectant Squire with effusion said: "I am your debtor for life; allow me to introduce my husband, Lord Huntingford."

"Good Heavens, you are —" "Lady Huntingford," suavely observed her husband, the new Premier of England.

Poor Mr. Mandeville! his eyes projected from his head like a crab's, and for some moments it seemed as though he would be seized with an apoplectic fit.

"Air! air," he gasped as he sank into a chair, "open the window." Gradually, however, he recovered himself and the peer and his wife strove to soothe him with sweet speeches.

"No more, my lord," said he at last, "no words of mine could serve to express my sense of your and her conduct in this matter; remember I was the means of saving her life." "Pardon me," said Lord Huntingford, "my wife is the most accomplished horse-woman in England."

"But her horse ran away?"

"Of course," her ladyship explained, "he did what I wanted him to do."

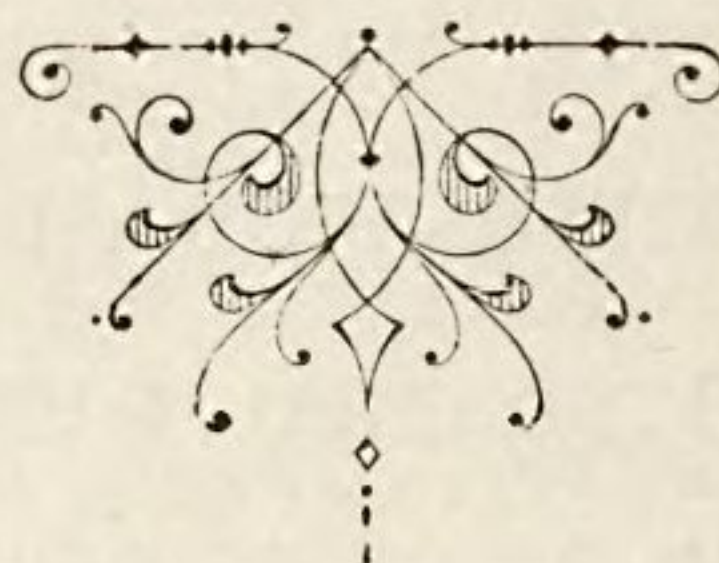
"Such deceit, Madam, deserves," —

"Mr. Mandeville, recollect the exigencies of political strife: all is fair in love and war."

"My heart and reputation are both broken," said the poor Squire, as he heavily rose to depart. "Ah," said Lady Huntingford, with a repentant air, "if in the future you ever think of me, remember I did only what I was compell-

ed to do, and you have no warmer friends in the world than my husband and myself."

Soon after the Squire resigned his seat in Parliament and retired to his country house, where he died; it was thought, of a broken heart.





CHAPTER XI.

MY SINGING AS CARLO IN "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI"
AT HER MAJESTY'S.

I joined Mr. Lumley's Company at Her Majesty's, singing the part of *Carlo*, in "Linda di Chamouni," one of Donizetti's latest, and in some respects most characteristic operas. He composed "Linda" for Vienna in 1842. In 1843 he produced "Don Pasquale" at the Théâtre Italien, and "Don Sebastien" at the Académie of Paris; and the year afterwards brought out at Naples "Catarina Cornaro," his last work. In the Swiss opera of "Linda di Chamouni," founded on the old French melodrama of "La Grâce de Dieu," we find especi-

ally in the music of the contralto part, a considerable amount of local colour; an important dramatic element which Donizetti had previously overlooked, or at least had not turned to any account. But the sentimental personality of *Carlo* runs the risk of being overshadowed both by the graceful, sympathetic *Linda*, and even by *Linda's* devoted attendant, the boy with the contralto voice who follows her from Chamouni to Paris; and who, content if he could be of the least service to her, would gladly follow her to the end of the world. I succeeded, however, in making *Carlo* an interesting if not a dramatic character. Shortly after my return I accepted an engagement with a manager of a type not uncommen and the story of my connection with him is worth relating.





CHAPTER XII.

“MEPHISTO.” BEHIND THE SCENES.

During the height of the London season, I was singing in “Fra Diavolo,” and other operas at—theatre; the business was enormous, money being turned away nightly at the doors; while policemen had no easy task, even in the early evening, preventing the crowd from impeding traffic in that always thronged thoroughfare, the Strand.

Our manager was a clever business man of good appearance and manner; a facile linguist and penman, he occupied a prominent position on two religious periodicals of high repute in clerical circles.

Yet it was whispered that his private life was far from stainless; and though I knew of nothing to justify these rumours, I could not bring myself to like or trust him; and perhaps this feeling became strengthened by the deference which marked his bearing towards me.

His "suaviter in modo" pleased the public, however, and Mr. Spicer Moncrieff was held in high regard by the non-professional world. A man over forty, he was always expensively, though quietly dressed; and enjoyed the privilege of honorary membership at more than one club. But "knowing ones" winked aside when it was mentioned in the papers, that Mr. Moncrieff had addressed another public meeting advocating principles of universal philanthropy.

"I'll tell his wife of his goings on," I heard our leading baritone say once, during a rehearsal.

"You'll never get the chance," growled the basso profundo, to whom this remark was addressed, "That invisible female resides somewhere among the Welsh

mountains, and is always kept at a remote distance from the corrupting influence of the Drama, ahem!"

These and like remarks denoted in what manner this theatrical Pecksniff was esteemed by his professional brethren: however a certain nobleman, Lord Fitz Ordinary, was his constant associate.

That this wealthy peer advanced him large sums of money, every one knew, or said they knew; but the cautious Moncrieff took care that no evidence verbal or written of these transactions should come to the knowledge of the world in general; for the manager, editor and quasi public moralist, belonged to that class of men whose sole guiding principle is Self, and Self-interest.

This principle clearly dominated the terms of Mr. Spicer Moncrieff's agreement with myself: notwithstanding, I stipulated for an augmented chorus and orchestra, and that my attendance at rehearsals should not be imperative, and with some little difficulty obtained these concessions.

On the opening night of "Fra Diavolo"

I happened during a "wait" to be near one of the side scenes; and my attention was at once arrested by a female chorus singer, whom I had not previously noticed. She was a girl of very striking appearance with a lovely face, and tall, classically moulded form; her nervous, amateurish manner only seemed to make her beauty more remarkable.

I listened with some curiosity for her voice, and was surprised to hear, as it blended with those of the other singers, that it was a rich and resonant contralto of great power. That there was something mysterious about the young girl, I instantly divined, and that it would be a duty to shield her from evil, was also clear, for in the manager's box were Mr. Moncrieff and his friend Lord Fitz Ordinary, both closely watching her.

At the conclusion of the act, it was not necessary for me to retire to my dressing-room; presently Mr. Moncrieff and his noble friend crossed the stage, and I found myself undergoing the honour of an introduction to the latter.

Our salutations were brief, but not shorter than, on my side at least, was desired; subsequently I went into the green room, and there stood the young chorus singer with downcast eyes, and blushing painfully, while Lord Fitz Ordinary was apparently paying her the most devoted attention. Mr. Moncrieff hovered in the background with an expression on his face, which made me long to thrash him then and there. I crossed over to the girl, unheeding the scowl which knitted the brow of the wretched little sprig of nobility at my approach, and said to her: "You have a beautiful voice; would you not like to become a leading singer?"

"Oh, Mr. Reeves," she replied, enthusiasm overcoming for a moment her nervous shyness, "it is my one ambition."

"Have you sung in public before?"

"No," she said, while her would be admirer fidgetted angrily at my temerity.

"Have you ever been on the stage?"

"Never, until to-night."

"Your voice has been trained though."

"It has," she admitted, with an embarrassed air.

"May I ask by whom?"

"Stage waits, Mr. Reeves," shouted the call-boy; and I hastened from the room.

Evidently my entrance and conversation had been the reverse of pleasing to the manager and his friend; indeed the latter was heard to mutter most uncomplimentary things concerning singers in general and one tenor in particular.

Never was encore so bitterly distasteful to me as the one I received in this act, the public, insisting on the repetition of my song, little imagined the state of my feelings while responding.

The ordeal over, I hurried to the green room, but no sign could I see of the chorus singer, the manager, or his "noble" friend. Time passed, and the curtain rose on the last act, still they came not, and I would have given a thousand pounds for knowledge of their movements; it provoked me so much that it became a personal feeling: and I swore

that neither Moncrieff or his friend should compass their ends, if it were in my power to prevent them. At last the curtain fell, and as I was leaving the stage I happened to encounter the ballet mistress.

"Madam," I said hastily, "can I speak with you a moment; it is concerning the new lady chorus singer." "I don't know her, Sir, nor the chorus-master very well."

"But you know Lord Fitz Ordinary."

"Rather," she said with a quick glance out of the corner of her eye, "Where is he?"

"He went away some time ago with Mr. Moncrieff, but the manager will have to come back for the closing of the house, he has to look after that."

This was cold comfort; still, it somewhat lessened my apprehension.

Whispering my suspicions and taking some money from my purse, I said: "You understand now, and will let me know anything that happens."

"You are very kind, Mr. Reeves, I'll do what I can."

I rushed to the dressing-room, hastily changed my stage costume, and hurried down stairs. I found the balletmistress waiting for me; she whispered, the manager's carriage is standing in Bedford St., "with Lord F. and the lady inside."

"Come with me at once," I said. As we reached the spot Mr. Moncrieff was leaving the vehicle, which was on the point of starting; I ran to the horse's head: and the coachman instantly pulled up, while, taken completely aback, Mr. Moncrieff remained speechless as I opened the door.

When she saw me, the frightened girl leaned forward eagerly, saying in an appealing voice. "Take me away; oh! do take me away!"

"What the devil do you want here," shouted his lordship in a fury. I made him no answer, but merely saying 'Come' to the girl, I helped her out of the carriage before he could detain her.

"Will you tolerate this audacious intrusion, Moncrieff," said he savagely to the manager.

His confederate, who was as enraged as himself, endeavoured to seize the poor, scared creature, and to threaten me; but placing her in charge of the ballet-mistress, I turned to him and said: "I do not fear you or any man, and if you have any grievance in the matter, bring it into a court of law."

Happily restored to her parents, the deluded girl has never since attempted to follow a theatrical career; I am not at liberty to speak further of her story, but she was of good family, her parents being intimate friends of Mr. Moncrieff's invisible wife, and whenever I happen to meet her, her downcast eyes, and mantling cheeks bear evidence, that the occasion of our first interview is not yet forgotten.





CHAPTER XIII.

WILLARD O'NEILL.

Willard O'Neill was 22 years old, of medium height, but broad shouldered; he gave tokens of becoming in the future a strong powerful man.

His skin was a clear brown, his eyes dark and expressive, he sang well and smoked amazingly.

He was an ardent partaker of every field-sport in the neighbourhood, but card or drinking parties found him wanting; somewhat overbearing to those of his own sex, he seemed ever suave and attentive to the opposite.

The refinements of Nature are more attractive, than those of Art, and Willard

O'Neill looked every inch a gentleman; and though not "to the manner born" his speech and gesture were always graceful and polished.

An only son, and motherless, he was for the most part master of his own life; his two sisters were vain, frivolous girls and his father was old and infirm, but being possessed of considerable property and generally successful in agricultural ventures, took life easily; though buying and selling a great deal, his bargains were not at all onesided and it was his boast, that he never beat a man down to the last penny.

Except when his old enemy, the gout, took him in hand and wantonly asserted its demoniacal existence, he seemed as to temper a square man all round, if the paradox may be employed.

Willard, early thrown with spirits kindred in degree but poor in purse, developed plans of levying black mail upon the "governor," that showed an amount of artistic talent both in conception and execution; sometimes the old man hinted

more than doubt of the validity of the claims made upon him, but Willard's assumption of injured innocence brought conviction to his father's mind and to him the sum he wanted. A facile pen, ready tongue, and the aid of companions who benefited not a little by his extortions, contributed to his success; confederates at remote distances would simulate business demands, that the post-mark authenticated, and so the game went on successfully.

Willard O'Neill possessed a mobile plastic disposition, which could be easily influenced for good or evil; among the unthinking, none were more thoughtless, while at other times he grew sombre and meditative to a degree, surprising those who knew him superficially.

One fine summer morning, taking an early train, he set forth, rod and line in hand, determined to be alone; this loneliness meant reflection and resolution.

Alighting at the desired station, he soon reached the river Lee, which seemed alive with spangled trout, skimming its glassy surface, disappearing and vexa-

tiously rising again exactly where they were not looked for.

The trees, a mass of green splendour, drooped to the waters edge, as if welcoming the kisses of the wavelets, but though charming as a picture, they were practically a nuisance by reason of their hanging low and thus endangering the angler's line, while as the sun's rays grew fiercer, the fish became more shy and retiring.

Industriously, Willard O'Neill brought fresh allurements from his well stocked fly-book and whipped the river anew; it was of no use, those wayward trout would not rise.

So he pushed on along the banks and as he went forward, the conformation of the river began to change. It became wider, while the current increased in depth and velocity, and the declivitous banks which rose on either hand, closely covered with brushwood, rendered walking irksome; so Willard resolved upon putting away his rod and seeking repose in a shady nook, if he could find one. Pre-

sently he espied a clump of trees on a bank sloping down to the river; thither he now went and reclined on the green sward beneath them and, after a draught from his flask, lighted the inevitable meerschaum and sought solace in its soothing fumes; while resting his head against a tree, he gazed abstractedly at the current hurrying onwards beneath.

Thus idly weaving chaplets of fancy, Willard O'Neill sank into a deep slumber, the circling kingfisher went by unheeded, while the many tinted waters swept peacefully along.

Nothing broke the solitude of that calm scene, well indeed might its tranquillity soothe one suffering from the world's cares and deceits.

Suddenly, crash! crash! came Willard O'Neill through every obstacle on the bank, down which he was falling; over he went, vainly clutching at anything within reach.

The speed of his descent was so great that ere reaching the bottom, some slight projection, which he struck against acted

as a lever and caused him to fall a considerable distance into the river.

He sank, but rose to the surface immediately, struggling in vain against the strong current, till throwing up his arms, he again disappeared.

Rising for the third time the drowning man beheld a dark object bounding down the bank; his fixed eyes feebly saw, though his ears no longer heard, and he knew it was a black retriever that had come to his rescue. Jumping in and swimming with the tide the brave animal soon reached him and as he sank once more, instinctively dived and again rose, drawing the lifeless form of Willard to the surface; but great as seemed the dog's strength he could not of course drag the body ashore, nor even support it long.

Still the gallant creature struggled with the weight, holding with a firm grip to the collar of poor Willard's coat, but the current was irresistible and the odds against canine valour, were deadly.

"I'm coming, Nelson! dont let go," cried a female voice in a high pitch of

excitement; the faithful animal showed the white of its eye in an attempt to look round, but it never released that concentrated hold.

Once, twice, and the cord with looped end thrown by Norah Leslie passed over the dog's neck, and both he and his lifeless burden were drawn safely to the shore.





CHAPTER XIV.

NORAH LESLIE.

Norah Leslie, on her twentieth birthday, was the *belle ideal* of an Irish girl: alternately wilful, passionate, sensitive, and mercurial.

Ireland is a land, whose people are ever in extremes of joy and sadness, poverty and pride. If her sons err by reason of their impetuosity of spirit, are they not courteous and generous, warm-hearted and hospitable? while what nation can transcend the fair daughters of Erin for modesty and comeliness?

Some of my happiest days were passed in that country, which too often has been made the shuttlecock betwixt contending politicians.

Attempting a paraphrase, I may say. What Nature has joined, let no man put asunder, and, regarding Ireland, let me express a hope that one day full justice may be done to her in the agreement of all parties.

Norah Leslie was above medium height, straight and supple, with flashing dark eyes lighting up her pale, chiselled face, whose expression changed with every passing incident: she was full of life, possessing that bright temperament, which looks upon existence from the sunniest side.

She came of ancient lineage, claiming kinship with some of the oldest county families: but she seldom cared to visit her cousins far or near. Her grandfather had dissipated a large inheritance, leaving little for his son. Norah's father, beyond files of unpaid bills, and some contingent reversions, which he had no power to dispose of: to this apocryphal patrimony Norah's parent succeeded, but did not long survive: he died the victim of consumption, leaving behind him a young widow.

Norah was a posthumous child, and the mother soon followed her husband to an early grave. Whereupon a maiden aunt of her father adopted the little one, who, as she developed into girlhood; became aware of her straitened circumstances: but girl or woman, Norah never gave the future a thought.

"I know I am poor" she soliloquised, "yet, what need I care? Every one is a pensioner on Providence in more or less degree, and surely the world is wide enough for another unintentional mendicant."

Her constant friend and companion Nelson, was a noble specimen of the canine race: being a black retriever, big, strong, and of almost human intelligence: the sagacious animal seemed almost to anticipate his young mistress's every wish, and so wise indeed was he, that it was difficult to tell, in this instance where instinct ended and reason began.

Norah performed many a distant journey or took long evening walks,

trusting entirely to faithful Nelson's guardianship: and her favourite haunt was the river, whose serpentine course she knew full well, mile after mile, and whose most perilous rocks and channels she had often explored; in fact her habits and nature partook more of masculine courage than of feminine timidity.

I have already described how Norah Leslie drew Willard O'Neill from the swift river.

Her cries soon attracted the attention of some men working in a field hard by, and their primitive attempts at restoring animation to the insensible Willard, meeting with success, the life-blood again coursed through his veins, so they carried him to the residence of Miss Leslie, Norah's aunt, it being the only house in the neighbourhood.

Nursed with solicitous care by Miss Leslie and her niece, Willard's strong constitution soon asserted itself: and he felt sufficiently recovered on the following day, to descend to the dining-room, where his kind hostesses waited to receive him.

"How can I ever requite the kindness you have shown me, a stranger." said he to the elder gentlewoman, then turning to Norah "or you for saving my life?" Miss Leslie shook his offered hand, but Norah remarked with a smile: "It was not wise to go into the river if you couldn't swim."

He blushed and answered: "I rolled off the bank while asleep, I cannot swim."

"Then you were very foolish to have done the one without knowing the other" said Norah, taking up a book as though about to begin reading.

"Tut-tut," said her Aunt, "don't speak like that; my niece is wilful" she added "but you must not mind her."

Willard O'Neill was as much fascinated by the girl's original style and manner, as charmed by her courage; never before had he met a being so unconventional: prettier women indeed he had known, but this wayward untutored nymph riveted his soul: the more so, as she seemed utterly heedless of him and all else beside her book.

Her aunt was busy arranging flowers: suddenly Norah, looking up from her book, said: "What caused you to fall?"

"I don't know. I felt tired, and went to sleep. My only recollection of what followed, is seeing" — "You fell asleep near the edge" she interrupted. "Yes I was fishing and —" "But," said she "you had no rod."

"My hat and it are on the bank."

Crossing the room, and opening the window, the young girl called: "Nelson! Nelson!" The dog immediately came to her side, and addressing him as though he were a human creature, she said: "Go, Nelson, to the river-bank and bring back this gentleman's hat."

The dog started off obediently and Norah, turning to Willard, said:

"Do not think anything of my pulling you out of the water: Nelson deserves far more credit than I do: the way from here to your station is a short one and I shall be pleased to guide you."

Some courtesies then ensued between Miss Leslie and her grateful guest, and

as he followed Norah from the house, the old dame's last words were.

"My niece is wilful and impatient of restraint."

Presently Nelson met them carrying Willard's hat, which had remained under the tree, where his sleep had been broken by so rude an awakening; and it was agreed they should visit the spot and recover the fishing rod.

Evening shadows lay upon the river and rolling mists floated up, shrouding in leaden hued folds the banks, and the fields beyond.

"This is the place where I first saw you," said Norah halting, after they had proceeded some distance. "I shall never forget it, never!" replied Willard earnestly.

"Learn to swim, and you soon will," she playfully answered. Then directing Nelson to search for the fishing rod, she seemed to become oblivious of Willard's presence, while he intently regarded her.

Nelson's exertions were promptly rewarded by his discovery of the rod, hidden among the brushwood, and Norah turned

to take leave of Willard, saying: "Yonder lies the nearest way to the station. Good evening." Her self-possession was almost galling, however, controlling himself, Willard said earnestly:

"May I be permitted to return again, and to thank my deliverer?"

"You place too high an estimate on a slight service" said she, lightly, as she adjusted her scarf.

"Oh! say, that I may come back" — but here she interrupted him, quietly remarking: "My aunt is nearly always at home, if you like to call upon her."

"But," he urged, "shall I find *you* there?"

"Never again."

"You are forsaking this place," he asked in pained surprise. "Yes, to-morrow I bid it and my aunt farewell," she answered in a low tone, "Good bye, forget me."

Her sylph-like form disappeared into the night leaving him standing fixed, alone!





CHAPTER XV.

CATHERINE HAYES: A DUBLIN EPISODE.

On the night of Catherine Hayes's first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, it happened that I sat "in front."

I had just concluded a most successful engagement there: and was due in the south the following morning; my luggage had been dispatched, so having some little time to call my own, I dined late, and in company with some friends, occupied a box in the famous old theatre.

On this, an operatic night, with their deservedly celebrated countrywoman, Catherine Hayes, making her first appearance

as "Lucia", after her marked successes on the Continent, it was small wonder that the house should be crammed from floor to ceiling.

The gods held high revel in the top gallery, surpassing themselves in the number and brilliancy of witty sallies of the proverbial kind — or shall I say unkind — description which rarely failed to miss their intended aim.

Signor Paglieri, the primo tenore did not seem to give any satisfaction to the usually good natured audience, and the Olympian deities were especially irate: while the remarks made by them, concerning the unhappy singer, were couched in the most uncomplimentary vein.

"Hold your tongue!" quoth one of the immortals (who was painfully close to the ceiling), after a somewhat personal joke had been aimed at Paglieri by a brother god, "don't interrupt Mr. Leary, he is looking for the key."

"Here's my latch-key, Sir," volunteered an obliging deity; "I'll lend him a whole bunch," vouchsafed a third.

“Man alive,” roared a fourth with stentorian lungs, “Paddy Leary’s not singing: it’s the gas!” Yells of laughter greeted this sally; and then there was a comparative lull, until “Edgardo” again attempted to sing; but no sooner had he commenced the well known “*Sulla tomba*,” than Hibernian politeness declared itself in the following suggestion:

“Misther Leary! the next coach leaves in half an hour. Are ye ready?”

“He wants a hearse, not a coach,” growled another god in a sepulchral voice, “Be aisy, ye divils: the gentleman wants a rehearsal; and faith thin he wont be worth his funeral expinses,” reverberated through the house in tones, that shook the roof and brought roars of laughter; later on he was hissed to such an extent, that the performance could not proceed. With such an Edgardo it was impossible; and the manager proposed to have recourse to the services, of a tenor, named Damcke, when suddenly the penetrating glance of an intelligent amateur discovered myself seated at the back of a box with Miss

Lucombe and Mr. Whitworth, the baritone. It soon became generally known that we were in the theatre; and what then took place, was described as follows, by the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*: —

“There were loud cries for ‘Reeves! Reeves!’ and a general wish manifested, that he should fill the character sustained by him with such *eclat* during his engagement.

“Mr. Calcraft came forward and said, that he found the audience were not satisfied with the singing of the gentleman, who had appeared before them, (cries of ‘Reeves’), and it was only justice to the gentleman to state, that he had undertaken the character very unexpectedly, and at very short notice. However, Herr Damcke, who had also been engaged, would be prepared to appear in the other acts, and the opera would be resumed as soon as it would be possible.

“There were here loud and repeated cheers and calls for ‘Reeves!’

“Mr. Calcraft, when the storm had

partly subsided, said that he had no control over Mr. Reeves; the engagement with him had terminated, and he was there that evening as a private gentleman.

“The excitement here became very great; and,

“Mr. Calcraft then added, that Mr. Reeves, although asked, had declined to sing upon this sudden emergency (cheers and renewed confusion).

“Mr. Reeves, addressing the house from the private box, said he thought it but right to defend himself from the observations which had just been made by the manager.

“These few words added to the excitement already prevailing, and continued cheering followed.

“Mr. Calcraft, who made several attempts to be heard, again mentioned that he had no control over Mr. Reeves, whose engagement had terminated (‘Hear’ and confusion).

“Mr. Reeves then said, with emphasis, that if the public desired it, he would

sing for them, but certainly not to oblige Mr. Calcraft.

“Mr. Calcraft then observed, that Mr. Reeves might decline to sing to oblige him, but he was glad to find that he consented to sing, particularly as it was to support their gifted and talented young countrywoman (cheers).

“If the theatre presented a novel appearance during these proceedings, the public fervour seemed to increase with each new incident; and Mr. Calcraft having retired from the stage, Mr. Reeves descended from his box in order to dress for the part thus suddenly assumed. Several minor incidents occurred, one being the substitution of Mr. Lavenu for Mr. Benedict as conductor.

“When the curtain rose, Miss Hayes and Mr. Reeves appeared to go through again a portion of the first act; and from the want of a previous rehearsal, there was a momentary hesitation; but this ceased as quickly, and the opera, so far as relates to the leading parts, was rendered with great success. The

incidents, however, connected with this *debut* of the *prima donna* were so peculiar and annoying, and so calculated to discompose even the most self-possessed person, that we do not mean to give any detailed notice of the opera, or of the singing of Miss Hayes. It was manifest that until the last act she had not become altogether reassured; but the maniac song she rendered with a charming expression and finish; and the clear, ringing, soprano notes, in the highest register of her voice, told with fine effect. She was called for at the end of each act, as was also Mr. Reeves. The latter in that which ought to be one of his most favourite characters, fully sustained his deserved reputation.

“After the opera Mr. Calcraft came forward, and for a short time could not obtain a hearing. When silence was restored, he commenced by saying that he thought no misconception should go abroad in reference to the words of Mr. Reeves, that he should sing to oblige the public, but not to oblige the manager.

It might be conceived from this expression that there was some secret difference—some subject matter of complaint which had not been explained.

“Mr. Reeves at this juncture, and dressed in his stage costume, came forward and took his place near Mr. Calcraft, regarding him very fixedly as he addressed the audience.

“Mr. Calcraft proceeded to observe, that to remove any erroneous opinions that might go abroad, it was necessary to state that he had fulfilled his engagement with Mr. Reeves, and that he had paid him what had been stipulated. There had been delays in the production of an opera—delays for which neither he nor Mr. Reeves were answerable, although the result had been to take money from the pocket of the manager. So far from any unkindly feeling existing, he had engaged with Mr. Sims Reeves to sing, after his return from provincial engagements, the week before Christmas; and he was therefore much surprised to find that gentleman so

emphatically declaring that he would be quite willing to oblige the audience, but certainly not the manager.

"A voice from the gallery, 'Make it up, both of you' (cheers and laughter).

"Mr. Reeves observed that he had nothing to make up; but as a matter of justice to himself, it was right the public should be fully apprised of what had occurred. He had come to the theatre that evening as a private individual; and when the curtain fell, and the performances had abruptly stopped, he was asked by a gentleman who was concerned in the management of the present engagement, together with Mr. Calcraft, to sing in the opera ('Hear'). He stated in reply that the call was quite unexpected, and that he had but just come from dinner, and that he had no dress ready, and upon declining to appear, the person who had waited on him, said he considered his conduct was ungentlemanlike. This of course incensed, him, and when Mr. Calcraft afterwards spoke to him his manner seemed much excited,

and not calculated to remove the impression already made.

“Mr. Calcraft here interposed, and, addressing the conductor, observed that Mr. Lavenu was present on the occasion, and he appealed to him to say if his manner was excited.

“The conductor, more skilled in chords than discords, although called for by the house, did not respond to the appeal.

“Mr. Calcraft added, that he felt happy at the opera having terminated, and obliged to Mr. Reeves for singing in it; and he bore no animosity to that gentleman for what had occurred. Mr. Calcraft then extended his hand to Mr. Reeves, which the other took, and there were repeated cheers, at this termination of what at one time seemed a very decided difference.

“Some private conversation then took place between these persons, after which Mr. Reeves bowed and retired.”

Throughout my career I have ever been reticent and thoughtful; unthinking men achieve no lasting success: they

usually strive to emulate the sky aspiring rocket and like it return ignominiously to the mundane level.

During "waits" behind the scenes it has been my wont to rest, or walk to and fro alone; but upon this particular night, an old friend whom I had not met for years, suddenly came forward; our greetings mutually warm were followed on the part of my friend, by the introduction of a young man who accompanied him. My new acquaintance seemed full of anecdotes and humour. I felt reluctant almost to leave him, when my call came, and after singing my solo and responding to a hearty encore, I again sought the society of my two acquaintances.

So the waits passed in agreeable fashion and my request that they would both join me at supper was promptly accepted. Wearied with the unexpected excitement, I hurried towards the carriage and entered it with my friends, but simultaneously with taking our seats, arose the cry "A woman run over."

I looked out of the window and saw two policemen lifting a girl into a cab, who was apparently in an insensible condition. Her pale delicate face was whiter than the moonlight, that shone down upon it: my new friend saw her also! with a cry he sprang out of the carriage and rushing over to the men, demanded "Where are you taking her to?"

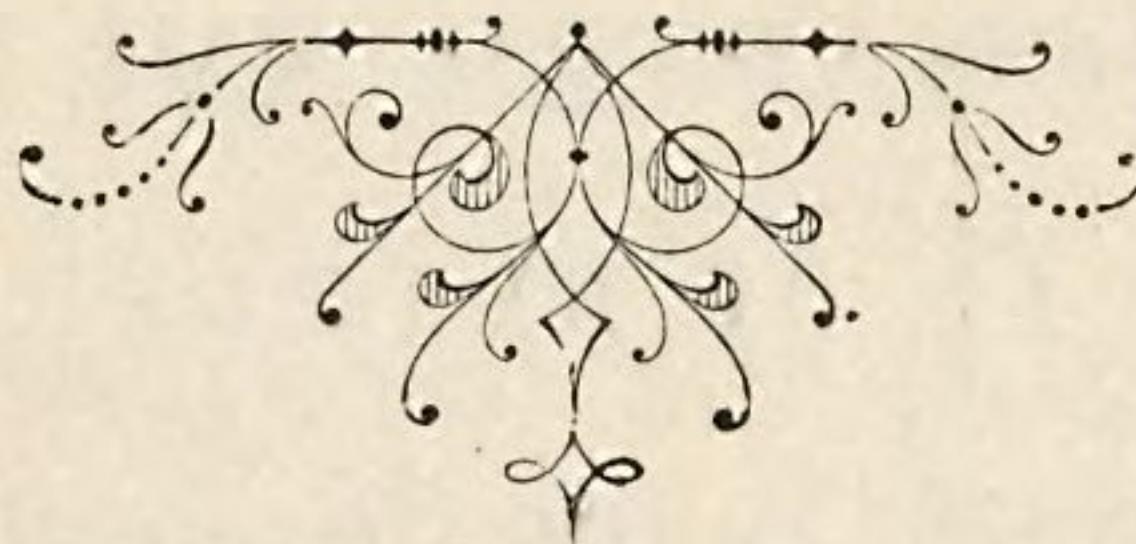
"Mercer's Hospital, Sir," one of them replied. "Make room for me then: I am going with her" said the young man excitedly.

"Are you her husband?" asked the other officer dubiously.

"She is well known to me and once saved my life: is not that enough" and entering the vehicle he tenderly supported its insensible occupant. His prompt manner and decided tone brooked no denial, and the policeman closing the door said "Drive on, jarvey." As the cab rattled away, I turned perplexedly to our mutual friend asking "Who is the lady?" "I don't know," he said, "any more than yourself." "And although you

introduced him, yet, I can't remember the young man's name," was my next remark.

"His name," said my friend, "is Willard O'Neill."





CHAPTER XVI.

A STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

“Hush, child, why do you start, it is only the wind whistling, or a wild bird shrieking on the moors! The waning moon sinks down the sky: in three hours more it will be dawn.”

“And this is Christmas Eve! alas! what is Christmas to me, but a memory of tears? Misfortune I have winnowed and sifted, till no grain of hope or comfort remains. It seems so short a time since I was a buoyant, contented girl, and now I am a deserted wife, a mother, with a fatherless child.”

“Oh, Willard! Willard! why is this? I think not of myself, but only of our

boy; nor do I utter reproaches; you were a good husband until evil companions lured you to the gambling table, and made existence one fathomless woe for me!"

"They told you at the hospital I might live for years if nurtured and cared for. Have I been cared for?" she continued surveying with a wan smile the faded black dress that hung upon her shrunken form, "No, I have had nothing but the pittance I might earn, when my pen, guided by a wearied brain, traced imagery of sad thought, for the thoughtless crowd to praise or condemn as digestion dictated.

"Within two short years I have been left a deserted beggar; all is gone, with you. O weak, selfish Willard O'Neill."

"Why does he forget his child," she murmured, bending over the sleeping infant. "I sought him while hope remained and I had a semblance of my former self. Alas, strength could bear no more and none would now recognise the once gay Norah Leslie!"

"Something tells me, my end is fast approaching; come to me, Willard, if

only that I may once again think, you are mine: the past will soon be buried beyond recall and I will never reproach you, though all the world may. "Come to me, come," and rising she paused as though listening: but silence reigned, the silence of desolation: the low sigh of the child in his sleep, or a moan from their faithful dog alone made any sound in that sad chamber.

Listlessly, she moved towards the window, and gazed seawards.

Leaden clouds went slowly past, as if loth to make way for the coming morn. "It must be," she murmured aloud, "Heaven decrees that we shall go. Help us, Father above, to reach my parents grave, and the morrow, that brings peace and good-will to earth, shall bring my wearied spirit to thee. Some of my kin will give shelter to this poor babe, when I no longer live to offend their pride."

"Come, darling," she said, softly lifting the sleeping child, and dressing it in its few articles of clothing, "this was a poor home for you, but we were not so

unhappy, while I had power to earn bread; alas! it will be our last home together, my little Willard," and wrapping herself in a worn cloak, with the child in her arms she went forth into the night.

Nelson followed with slow step and drooping head, for time and misery had sorely changed the ever faithful creature; light flakes of snow fell softly, while the wind swept by in sullen gusts.

As sailors put it, there was a "dirty" look about the weather, presaging a white Christmas, and among the few they met on the road, there were none who bestowed a thought on that poorly clad mother and child.

At length Norah O'Neil reached the office, from which the early coach started for the town she hoped to reach ere the rest she so longed for came to her. "At what time does the coach leave, please?" she enquired of the comfortable clerk in charge.

"In half an hour, ma'am," said he, "and there is one inside place vacant."

"I cannot afford to travel inside," was the sad response. "Good God, ma'am, said the clerk, you'll be frozen," and then added kindly as she paid the last money she had for an outside place, "come and sit in here by the fire, till the coach starts and get all the warmth you can."

She seated herself gratefully and enjoyed the genial glow, until the vehicle was ready to start, which it did with its usual mirthful accompaniments, and they rattled along at a brisk pace through the country now whitening under a thick mantle of snow.

The sympathetic guard kindly offered some brandy to his only outside fare, but her courteous refusal and bearing, awakened a feeling of manly compassion in his honest heart, and he watched her from time to time with anxiety: meanwhile the pitiless snow fell in heavy flakes.

Presently, Norah O'Neill heard him apparently holding a warm argument with some one beneath. "I'll take the responsibility," he said ascending to where

she was seated, then the coach stopped, and after some explanation, and further argument the half frozen mother, and child enjoyed the comparative comfort of the vacant seat inside.

What a blessed oasis of refuge from the white desert around: in many kind ways the other passengers interested themselves in the forlorn young woman and her infant, adding what they could spare to make them comfortable. There was an exception to this rule however in the persons of two ladies who sat opposite, and contemptuously withdrew their handsome clothes from contact with the intruders regarding them from time to time with an expression of distaste.

Nelson jogged along beside the coach, an occasional scrap of food being thrown to him from the inside, an attention he highly appreciated, and towards the close of that Christmas eve, the vehicle reached the end of its journey. As her friend, the guard, assisted Norah O'Neill to descend she told him her destination.

"You can't get there by daylight," he said in amazement.

"I must go on," she replad.

"Is there no one to meet you, ma'am?"

She looked on the ground, and made no reply. A handsome closed car just then rattled up to where the coach was standing and the considerate guard held an earnest conversation with the driver; but if this in any way concerned Norah, it produced no effect, as the mother and child went out into the street.

Walking along, the snow-impered path became very difficult; she struggled on bravely, despite her weariness and weakness, but soon found it impossible to proceed. Dead beat, she rested at the corner of the road, while evening darkened into night.

The inside car, which she had noticed in the coach-yard, now overtook her, and with an effort she rose and crossed to enquire her way of the driver.

Ere he could answer her, one of the young overdressed females who had treated Norah so contemptuously in the

coach, thrust her head out of the window, saying in a peremptory tone: "Drive home quickly, Charles, and let her find her way," and the mother and child, who had no home, were soon left far behind.

Again the snow fell heavily, and in the distance the flickering lights from scattered cabins could be seen here and there; seated upon a stone the outcast leaned over her child, exhausted, and for awhile she slept, Nelson, constant as misfortune, lay at their feet.

As she slumbered, a dream of her youth passed before her; the bright happy days previous to meeting with Willard, and the vision brought her momentary peace.

Not far from where she rested, rose a comfortable house, and in a well lit room, before a cheerful fire, its master sat reading a Christmas story with great enjoyment, while the snow and wind held high carnival outside.

Suddenly the barking dogs startled him, "What's up," said he, lifting his

eyes as he heard a feeble knock at the outer door.

It was repeated, and rising from chair with a testy growl; passing out into the hall and opening the door, he was assailed by snow and wind; as he looked forth into the darkness, a woman confronted him.

"Give shelter to my child," she pitiously entreated, "give us shelter for the love of Heaven!"

"Go away! How dare you" — Before this sentence could be completed, a sudden inroad of snow caused him to bang the door, while he muttered "If you don't go, I'll set the dogs at you."

Just then a peal of joybells from afar, rang out heralding the Christmas morn.

Many of our hasty actions come back to reproach us, and that old man's sleep was conscience-haunted, and he started uneasily now and then.

In one of those restless intervals, it seemed to him as though the room were suddenly filled with light. "Fire, fire!"

he cried, springing from the bed in alarm. Immediately his son entered, saying: "The fire is not here, it is the barn."

They threw on some clothes, and rushed out, followed by the old man's daughters.

Together they reached the outbuildings, and what a strange sight confronted them!

High up, through the open roof of the lofty barn, shone a great star of dazzling brilliancy, which seemed to flood the place with light.

Immediately beneath it, lay on some straw, a woman and child, while close beside, a famished dog watched wearily, said one of the young women angrily: "It is the wretched creature, who travelled with us in the coach yesteday."

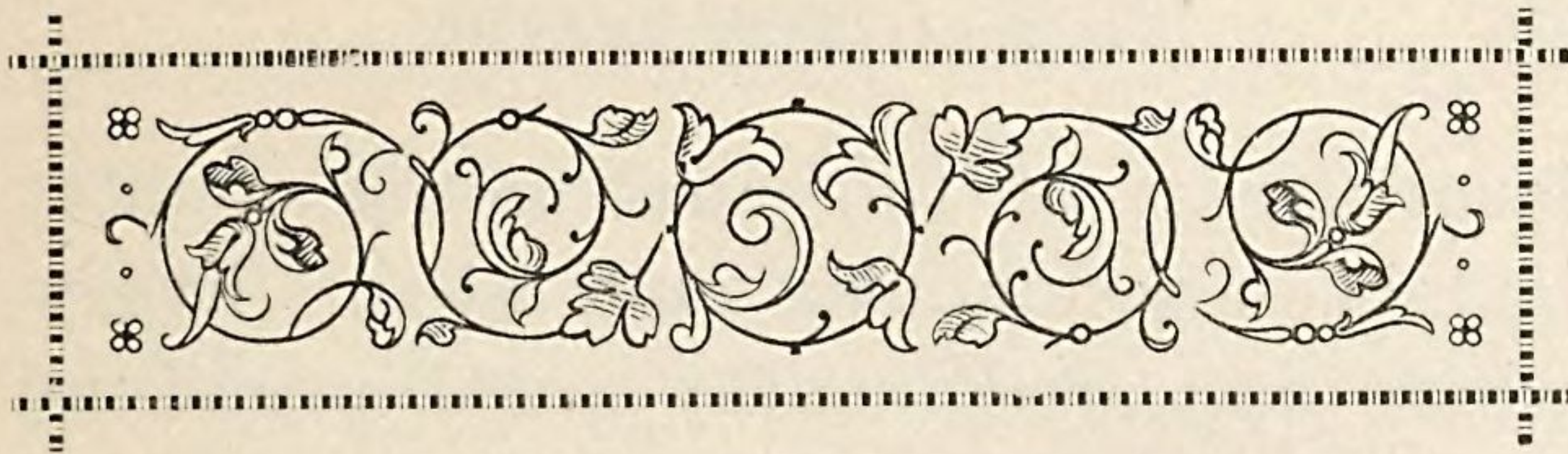
The old man remained in the doorway, but his son went forward; at whose approach the dog rose slowly and came to meet him with a dejected wag of his tail. "Great Heaven" exclaimed the younger man, "they are" —

“Who?” cried the old man and his daughters with one voice.

“My wife and child! and oh, my God — both are dead!”

Such was the denouement of a most sad experience in my life.





CHAPTER XVII.

MOUNT SORROW.

Morning's grey mists were lifting from the hill tops as I began my ascent to the monastery of Mount Sorrow; and from the valley below, clouds of pale vapour came rolling up, dissolving, ere they reached the summit of the conelike mountains. Often did I pause, contemplating peaceful nature in this elysium of repose.

Embayed at my feet lay the little town, whose inhabitants chiefly depended on the monastery for support, corporal and spiritual; the soil was originally sterile and unproductive, but man's industry here would not be baulked, and

large tracts of the surrounding country had been assiduously cultivated. Everywhere appeared healthy crops, promising a good harvest, while droves of sheep and cattle browsed on the pasture lands.

The monastery was self-supporting, and its ascetic rules denied to the community the use of animal food, except in case of illness, while silence was rigidly imposed; the brotherhood wore sandals, and the coarsest serge habits; sleeping at night on straw pallets in stone cells, without fire or candle.

At midnight a bell summoned them to arise for prayers in the chapel; six hours later, it pealed forth the Angelus to an awakening land.

Never were the gates of Mount Sorrow closed to the weary wanderer from the outside world; and the stranger, who ever found a kindly welcome, came and went unquestioned.

The long-bearded monks waited upon him with assiduous hospitality, and he ate, drank or slept at his own will and pleasure, without any charge whatever;

save that a box stood at the entrance door to receive the donations of those, disposed to give alms on leaving the monastery. In the guest-house might be found all the comforts of daily life, and certain of the brothers were deputed in turn to act as guide and entertainer of the visitors.

All this I had heard and more, ere my visit to Mount Sorrow for notwithstanding the secluded situation the fame of its mitred Abbot had spread far and wide; he was, himself, the founder of the community, and had built the monastery, yet none, at the time of his first acquiring possession of the land, knew who he was or whence he came.

It was said, though old, he was of giant frame and Herculean strength, with a bearing erect and dignified; he scarcely ever conversed even with those holding highest rank in the brotherhood, most of his communications with them being carried on in writing.

The brethren slept sometimes, he, apparently, never; and he was often met by

travellers wandering like a spectre over the mountains, regardless of wind or weather. The dwellers in the neighbourhood spoke of him with mysterious awe; the monks under his rule regarded him with loving veneration mingled with fear.

Such was the man, and such the place I had come a long distance in hopes of beholding.

As I neared the line of granite buildings, I passed groups of monks engaged in agricultural labour or other industrial occupation; but they all seemed unconscious of my approach; the same unconcern was manifested till I arrived at the great gate and rung the strangers' bell, when a grave, middle-aged brother appeared and acceded with kindly readiness to my request to be shown over the monastery.

Under his guidance I explored all those parts of the building, shown to strangers, and he entered with painstaking minutiae into each detail of the daily life of the community and its rigid rules, he seemed a well-read, intelligent man,

with some knowledge of the world, and his conversation threw a pleasant light on what had always seemed to me, as the austere gloom of monastic life; but my remarks concerning passing events in the external world did not seem to excite any curiosity or even interest in his mind.

When he had shown me the various objects of note, he gave me a courteous invitation, which I accepted, to a repast later on, and left me to wander as I pleased, through the beautifully kept grounds.

I explored them diligently; they were of great extent, and I wished to see every thing I could during the absence of my guide, as I knew it would be only for a short time, so I followed the windings of the broad pathway meditating on all I had seen and heard.

Ere long I found myself brought to a standstill in a thickly wooded plantation, which formed, as it were, a kind of *cul de sac*: the narrow, closely intersected paths, seemed to be without an outlet;

I could see no sign of the monastery towers, and I began to grow anxious concerning the means of escape from this maze.

Suddenly, I heard close at hand, a deep moan, as of some human creature in distress; another, and another followed at short intervals, sounding as though they rose almost from beneath where I stood. I strove to find the place whence they proceeded, but the same thick foliage grew everywhere, and I could perceive no break.

Presently, I heard these words uttered in a tone of anguish: "My life is drawing to its end; out of the depths have I cried, but my cry is still unheard."

Stooping and searching among the dense undergrowth, I discovered at length, a steep declivity; creeping down it, I found a mossgrown pathway, leading apparently under-ground, and following it, I came silently to an arched door, standing partly open.

From this aperture issued again the heartbroken voice saying: "Loss is gain,

and gain is loss; but for me at thy death the world became a wilderness. Oh unforgotten" — the, voice ceased while with one hurried glance into that grim, dark chamber, I turned and crept noiselessly away, for there, I knew instinctively, knelt the Abbot of Mount Sorrow.

But my curiosity could not be allayed, and ultimately I learned the history of this strange being as follows:

The handsomest aide de camp at one time on the staff of the Marquis of Douro was Jack Gordon, a young lieutenant.

The eldest son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, he had inherited little property from his father, and still less of his religious views; entering the army, he soon became the daredevil of his regiment, and none excelled him in deeds of bravery — or of generosity, his small means notwithstanding.

So brilliant and promising an officer was not likely to escape the notice of the sapient "Iron Duke," indeed it was said, that he had conceived an affection for Jack, who thus became an object

of much envy and jealousy with the professional wire pullers.

The story of the Peninsular War is a record of heroism, and among the many gallant deeds, that brighten its pages, not a few were achieved by this dashing subaltern.

Some of Jack's escapades were remarkable for their boldness and originality, and one of these was his falling madly in love with a Princess of the Royal Family of Spain, who, strange to say, requited his passion with southern vehemence, and they were secretly married; but this midsummer madness brought, as may be supposed, its train of attendant evils. Their differing religious creeds formed, if possible, a greater social barrier, than their disparity of rank, and the consequent loss of caste to the Princess; thus she was compelled to fly from her sunny native shores.

Lord Wellington connived at the inevitable retirement of the young aide-de-camp, who, owing to his influence, was permitted to sell out; an act most unusual

in time of war; and he left Spain with his royal bride.

Straitened in resources, and "bored by want of congenial occupation", the restless vivacity of Jack Gordon's disposition soon asserted itself; true at heart, he would under favourable circumstances have made a fairly good husband, but as it was, the glamour of love ere long departed, and he grew cold and careless. On the other hand, his fiery Spanish wife conscious of the many sacrifices she had made for him, felt this conduct deeply; and in a moment of jealous passion, fired a pistol at her lord. He was unharmed but left her, and swore never to look upon her face again.

She returned to her native land, and entering the convent of Madonna del Loretto, died there, after a few sorrowful years had passed; he enlisted as a private, in a regiment ordered to India; here his dauntless courage distinguished him as of yore, and his deeds and story becoming known, he rose rapidly from the ranks.

Colonel John Gordon's name filled a bright page in military annals; but with fame and riches came also remorse. The blame of his deserted wife's blighted existence lay heavy upon his soul; love for the fair Spanish woman, who had sacrificed all for him, came back to his heart with renewed strength, and the subsequent announcement of her death in the Convent of Loretto proved a maddening blow; indeed it was said, that he was never afterwards quite sane.

Arriving in England, crowned with laurels, and laden with wealth acquired in India, he became a leading lion in London society; the strange tales (true or false) told of him, heightened his many personal attractions; and idolized by all, Fortune seemed to have showered her choicest gifts on Colonel John Gordon.

But his great sorrow abode with him deepening day by day; often did he meditate self-destruction, and could he have made sure of joining his wife by such means, he would not have hesitated a moment; the fear of "something after

death" alone restrained him, while his half distraught mind preyed on itself, and he plunged madly into the many dissipations that surrounded him.

One night after losing heavily at the gambling table, he, in a moment of ungovernable rage, struck a brother-officer; a duel followed as a matter of course. It took place in Epping Forest, and Col. Gordon slew his antagonist; stricken with remorse (for the dead soldier and he had loved each other like brothers) he returned with his second to town. As they passed over London Bridge in the early morning, a man sprang from the parapet into the river below; without an instant's hesitation Gordon plunged after him.

Whether his motive was self-destruction or rescue, none could tell; only one body was recovered, that of the stranger, but Society never saw its idol again, and chanted his requiem with paeans of adulation.

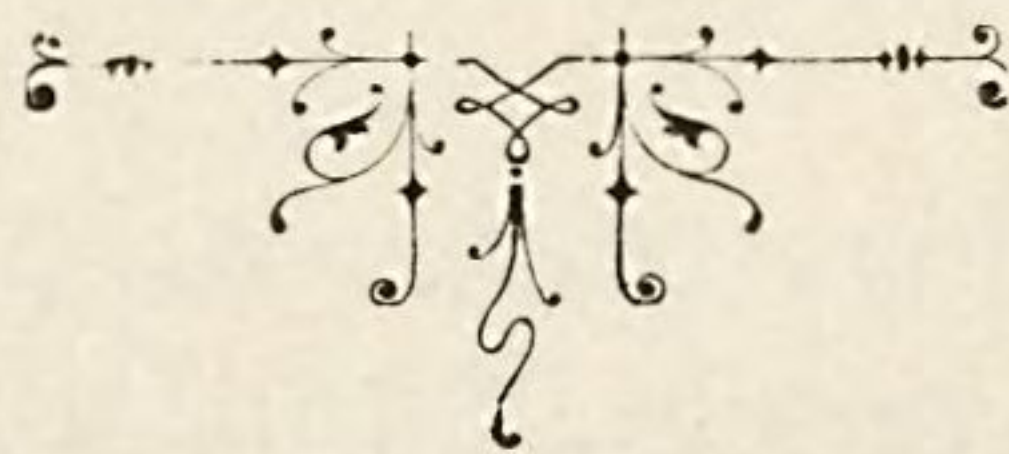
The while a pale, grief-stricken woman nursed him through a raging fever, watch-

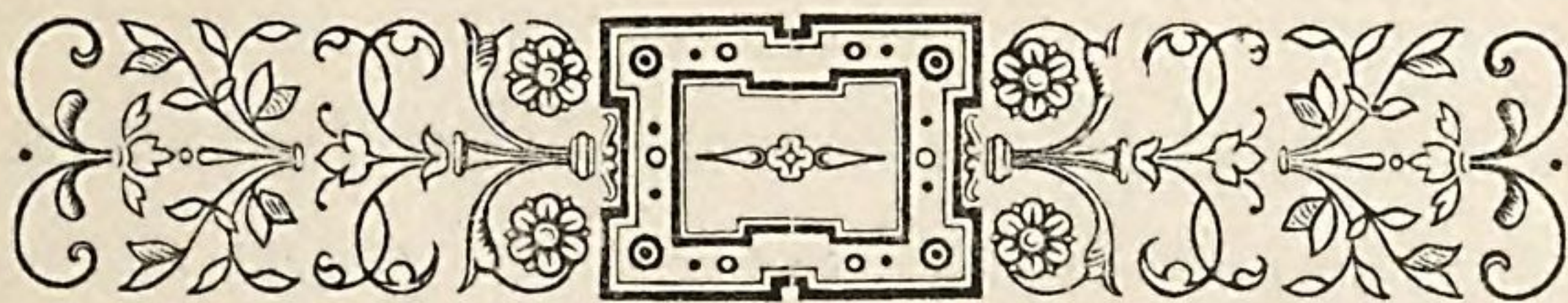
ing by his couch, night and day; her efforts were rewarded with success, and he came back to life, but his soul was changed and purified within him.

That woman was the widow of the man he had slain: the friend who had loved him; therefore she forgave and tended him.

On his recovery he said: "I too am dead to the world; yet for his sake I will live for repentance and atonement."

Colonel Gordon built the monastery, and became the first Abbot of Mount Sorrow!





CHAPTER XVIII.

MY ENGAGEMENT AT COVENT GARDEN IN ITALIAN OPERA.

Later on in 1849 I appeared for the first time in Italian Opera at Covent Garden; the first part I undertook in this new engagement being that of *Elvino* in "La Sonnambula" with Madame Persiani as Amina.

The success of "La Sonnambula" has been great everywhere; but nowhere so marked as in England, where it has been performed in English and in Italian oftener than any two, or perhaps three operas; while probably no songs, certainly no songs by a foreign composer, were ever sold in such large numbers as the tenor's great solo: "All is Lost," or the final

air for the *prima donna*. The beauties of "La Sonnambula," so full of pure melody and of emotional music of the most simple and touching kind, can be appreciated by everyone: by the most learned musician and the most untutored amateur—or rather, let me say, by any play-goer, who, not having been born deaf to the voice of music, hears an opera for the first time in his life.

The success of "La Sonnambula," full as the opera is of beautiful music, must be attributed in a great measure to the merit of the libretto, which is not only one of the most interesting and touching, but is also one of the best suited for musical illustration in the whole repertory of libretti. To Eugene Scribe belongs the merit of having invented the charming story on which Romani's libretto is based; and the verses of this distinguished lyric poet could not but exercise a considerable influence upon Bellini. The enthusiastic Dr. T. L. Phipson, in his interesting pamphlet on "Bellini, and the Opera of La Sonnambula," lays stress

upon our indebtedness to Romani for the exquisite music which his harmonious and expressive words called forth from Bellini; and it is indeed true that in "La Sonnambula" the words and the music are so intimately blended, so extremely suitable the one to the other, even in the most unimportant passages, that it is quite impossible to translate this opera into any other language without depriving both words and music of a considerable portion of their charm.

Happily I produced a great effect, singing the tenor air previously referred to, "Tutto e Sciolto," with its impassioned sequel, "Ah! perchè non possò odiarti;" and here the words so expressive in the Italian are absolutely without expression—or, indeed, express what neither the composer nor the librettist intended—in the English version. I then gained greatly by playing the part of *Elvino* in the language of Romani, which alone could enable the singer to give with true accent the music of Bellini. "We are all familiar," writes Dr. Phipson, "with the

splendid outburst of feeling that occurs in the well-known tenor song of 'La Sonnambula,' on the words, 'Ah! perchè non possò odiarti' (Ah! Why can I not hate thee), where there is such a magnificent swell upon the open A of the word 'odiarti;' the word 'hate,' expressing a violent savage feeling, is most admirably rendered by a high and powerfully-sustained note, sung directly from the chest. This is given in the English as, 'Still so Gently o'er me Stealing;' the word 'stealing,' equivalent here to 'streaming,' and preceded by the term 'gently,' demands, on the contrary, a soft flowing note, which might be perfectly well taken in the *false* *setto*; and this is very different from what the Italian composer intended. The French words are scarcely any better, 'Que ne puis-je de mon âme,' though they have the advantage of giving the singer the open A for the high chest note."

The part of *Elvino* was written for Rubini, and since Rubini's time almost every great tenor has tried to distinguish

himself in it. Of late years, however, it has in a measure shared the fate of *Edgardo*. *Elvino* has been eclipsed by *Amina*, as *Edgardo* is habitually outshone by *Lucia*. Next to *Edgardo*, *Elvino* has generally been considered my best impersonation in Italian Opera.





CHAPTER XIX.

THE RING.

Crowds thronged the Olympic to witness the performance of Miss Stella L'Estrange, the celebrated tragedienne.

Her reputation was phenomenal, and her portrait adorned the principal shop-windows: her acting was cast in a passionate mould which irresistibly moved her audiences; her face was expressive and strongly marked rather than handsome, while her style was distinguished by a restless energy which in a great degree accounted for her success.

These reports reached me at different times and I resolved to visit the Olympic on the first opportunity.

I did so, and admired her acting greatly: though past her first youth, she had evidently been at one time remarkably beautiful. Her face seemed dimly familiar to me: I felt certain I had seen it before, but could not recollect where.

It was announced that a newplay was in rehearsal of which Miss L'Estrange would create the chief role: on its production she achieved her greatest triumph: indeed she surpassed herself in this her latest effort: premiums on the prices of the seats were obtained easily by enterprising speculators, all the best places being booked far in advance, while everything, from a shirtbutton to a steam-engine, was christened after Stella.

Yet amid all this triumph and adulation the actress herself remained wholly unmoved; and while invitations to the most distinguished receptions were sent her by hundreds, she declined them all, and, living in strict retirement, was only to be seen on the stage; even there she was very reserved in her demeanour to-

wards her fellow-performers, whether at rehearsal or behind the scenes, but this sphinx-like reticence seemed only to increase her popularity.

One morning my old friend and neighbour Isidor Dapuis came to see me, to whom I observed "You are not looking well."

"No, my dear fellow," he said, "My son Rudolph has upset me sorely."

"Rudolph! what has he been doing?"

"He has gone mad over Stella L'Estrange and I fear the consequences."

"Miss L'Estrange," said I in surprise, "why she is, well, I can't say what age; and Rudolph is scarcely a man yet."

"Nineteen last birthday," growled Dapuis.

"But surely she gives him no encouragement."

"I believe not, still it is impossible to reason with Rudolph."

"Oh," I replied, "most boys begin with a passion for an actress, he will return to common sense by and bye."

"Ah!" said my old French friend with a sigh: "Before I had reached his years

I committed a similar folly, or worse."

"Indeed," I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, you remember the premier danseuse Mdlle. St. Louin?" "Perfectly: why," I said suddenly, "it was St. Louin I thought of the first time I saw L'Estrange, and could not recall who it was that she resembled."

"Oh, nonsense" replied Dapuis, "I am told that Stella L'Estrange is dark and sallow, while St. Louin, as I remember her, was a pure blonde, bright-eyed and full of wit; and her dancing! the manner in which she seemed almost to float through the air made her more resemble a spirit than a woman."

Here he grew so excited that I expected he would execute a *pas seul* on the spot, but he controlled himself and sat down.

"And you fell in love with her," said I. "Yes, and what was worse, married her, under the same spell that fascinates Rudolph now; but Heaven forbid our cases should be parallel."

"Is he Mdlle. St. Louin's son then?"

"No, I married a second time; my first wife was transported and I never saw her again."

"Transported! you astonish me! what for?"

"The circumstances were by no means clear. My father and mother would not consent to our union, and you know that according to French law, the marriage of a minor is illegal unless solemnised with the consent of the parents. Gradually my affections were weaned from her. I thought it best to conciliate them or rather their money, and though my wife's letters to me were heartrending, I at length gave her up and for some time heard no more of her.

"Suddenly she reappeared in public as Madame St. Louin Dapuis; that was a blow to the pride of my family and they resolved to avenge it.

"About this period I was compelled to depart for the East, an appointment having been obtained for me there, and some months after, I received a letter from my father, in which he stated that my *soi-*

disant wife had been convicted of robbery and transported; a year later the news of her death in New-Caledonia reached me."

"What robbery was she accused of?"

"She was accused of stealing a valuable ring belonging to my father, an heirloom. Her defence was, that I had given it to her, but as I did not hear the particulars of the story till long after her death, I cannot now tell if this were so, or not. I fear she was an innocent sufferer, but the influence brought to bear was too strong."

"Have you formed no opinion upon the matter," I said feeling disgusted with the cold-blooded and cynical manner in which he spoke of his persecuted wife.

"I believe she told the truth; however I returned home, years later, married again, and she and her story were forgotten."

The brutal selfishness displayed in this narrative was an unpleasant revelation to me: I had held Dapuis in such different estimation.

In a few days again he called on me,

accompanied by his son, to whom I pointed out the folly of indulging an attachment for a woman, old enough to be his mother, and moreover, unapproachable even to those of her own age and standing.

"It is too late" said the father, "my son has asked her to marry him and she has accepted him."

"What" I almost shouted.

"It is true," he groaned "Rudolph also had that fatal ring, I told you of the other day, in his possession, and without my permission he has bestowed it upon her as a *gage d'amour*."

"Let us go and call on Miss L'Estrange" I suggested; "I rather admire her both publicly and privately, and this acceptance of the addresses of a boy like Rudolph is so inconsistent with her general character, that I cannot but think there is something mysterious here, which should be brought to light."

Accordingly we went, but without Rudolph. The great actress was at home and received me cordially, bowing

gracefully to Dapuis who stood regarding her with a scared questioning look.

She coloured somewhat, while I guardedly announced the purport of our visit and assumed an air of attention, which became a proud defiant expression as I proceeded.

Suddenly her laugh of scorn startled us both; "Surrender the ring! never!"

"I'll give you a thousand pounds for it" almost screamed my friend.

"Fifty thousand pounds would not purchase the bauble," and she held up her hand triumphantly, with the Dapuis heirloom sparkling on her finger, then her voice sinking to a whisper, she added "I have paid too heavy a price for it already."

"You!" said Rudolph's father.

"Yes! base and worthless coward!" replied she, vehemently. "For the sake of this bauble, was I, an innocent woman, condemned as a felon; I have borne the brand in my heart ever since. Now the ring given first by you as a symbol of affection, then wrested from me by means

of an infamous accusation, is brought baek to me by the son of one who married and discarded me. I despise both you and him; the sole object of my encouraging the silly boyish fancy was the recovery of this ring, which never leaves my finger again, even in my grave."

She rose with queenly dignity and bowing courteously to me swept past Dapuis without even a glance. "Marie! Marie!" he said once in an entreating voice, but the door closed behind her and she came back no more.





CHAPTER XX.

AGAIN I SING AT HER MAJESTY'S.

In the Winter of 1849 I once more took part in performances of English Opera; and in 1850 I found myself engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. "Ernani," says the *Musical World*, "was given for the first appearance of Sims Reeves—an event of no ordinary interest; the house was exceedingly full, and there was evident curiosity and strong feeling excited to witness the *entrée* of the celebrated English tenor on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre." Passing on to give particulars, the *Musical World* adds: "The reception accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves was enthusiastic. Hands clapped, hats and handker-

chiefs waved, and throats vociferated. Every species of active demonstration was evidenced in favour of 'our great dramatic tenor,' who continued bowing his acknowledgments for several minutes. Nothing could be more unanimously boisterous; nor could anything more plainly exhibit the position in which Mr. Sims Reeves stands before the London public... Mr. Sims Reeves was in great voice, and sang with unusual energy and dramatic feeling. His first *cavatina*, 'Come, rugiada al cespite,' was rendered with intense expression, and brought down the loudest applause. The delicacy and purity of his singing in the duet, 'Ah! morir potessi adesso' (with *Elvira*), evoked an unanimous *encore*, maugre the absence of all kind of merit in the composition. In the two 'grand' *finales* to the first and second acts, Mr. Sims Reeves displayed all that breadth of style, power of voice, and manly vigour for which he has been celebrated. The audience, pleased beyond measure, applauded to the echo, and recalled the singer vociferously. The

greatest hit, however, during the performance was in the last scene, where the composer had given a sentimental passage, *à la* Bellini, to the tenor, followed by an important and noisy trio, the whole concluding with an elaborate death scene. Mr. Sims Reeves acted and sang with decided power in this scene, thus finishing a very excellent performance with a climax which set the seal upon it, and confirmed the singer's triumph beyond all doubt. At the fall of the curtain Mdlle. Parodi, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Sims Reeves, came forward twice. A call then being raised for 'Reeves', that gentleman appeared alone, and was cheered for several seconds."

The happiest event in my life now took place.

Hitherto, like the characters I impersonated, I had been a bachelor; there is no example, I believe, in operatic history, of a composer assigning to a tenor the part of a married man. But it is only on the stage that the tenor is condemned to celibacy; and on the 2nd of November, 1850,

I took for my wife Miss Emma Lucombe, who, after a brief but brilliant season at the Sacred Harmonic Society, had joined the company to which I belonged at Covent Garden; where, besides taking the leading soprano parts in several other works, she appeared with remarkable success as *Haydée*, in Auber's charming opera of that name. Four or five years after our marriage my wife retired from the stage, but she is still my constant companion on artistic tours. During one of these in the North we became associated with the circumstances detailed in the following chapter.





CHAPTER XXI.

THE FORGERY.

One morning the genial manager of the Glasgow theatre, where I was engaged, said to me.

“Reeves, will you oblige me by hearing a lady sing?” Readily assenting, I went with him to the green room, where, having been introduced to the girl, and her mother who was with her, I opened the piano, and began the accompaniment to “Una Voce.”

I was at once struck by the freshness and power of her fine soprano voice; so likewise was my wife, who came in while she was singing. It has always been a rule with me to defer to the latter in musical

matters; her judgement is so accurate, and clear.

"Do you intend adopting the stage as a career, Miss Lovelace," said I when the young singer had ended.

"I would if," she began, but her mother interrupted, saying: "She has a craze for singing, still neither her father nor myself will ever permit her to become a professional vocalist."

They were very pleased with my opinion of her voice, and after some agreeable conversation they left.

On their departure, the manager remarked "Norton Lovelace is one of the richest men in Glasgow, but that girl will be an opera singer in spite of all his money."

I had previously noticed the elegant toilets of Mrs. Lovelace and her daughter, and the style of the handsome carriage awaiting them; likewise that the younger lady seemed to possess a determined temper and resolute disposition.

The manager was well acquainted with Norton Lovelace junior, hence it

happened that his sister's desire to be heard by me was gratified.

The next morning while I was chatting with the manager, previous to rehearsal, a gentleman entered the theatre and crossing to where we were standing, said, "Mr. Sims Reeves, I believe," "That is my name." I responded.

The manager retired with a profound bow to the new-comer, who said, "Permit me to introduce myself as Norton Lovelace, father to Laura Lovelace." I replied: "I am happy to make your acquaintance: Miss Lovelace has a charming voice."

"You have children, Mr. Reeves?" I nodded assent. "And will therefore appreciate my motive in calling upon you; my daughter is risking a high position in society, by reason of her determination to become a public singer, and I fear will lose caste for the sake of vanity, and vanity alone."

"But what can I do, in the matter," I asked.

"A great deal," he answered; "you have an influence which I, alas! do not possess."

"I! a stranger to her."

"Even so, for until she happened to hear you sing some few evenings ago, an idea of coming before the public never entered her head."

He then proceeded to relate facts which enlisted my sympathies, and we parted, arranging to meet again.

Mr. Norton Lovelace sen. was a stout man of middle height, with a grave, intellectual countenance. I could hardly realize, that he was the same man I had heard of as giving brilliant entertainments during the London season, which were the "talk of the town."

We became friendly, and even intimate and I derived great pleasure from the society of this hard-working merchant. He had little time to read or study, but appeared to be extremely well-informed on most subjects.

There was nothing Pharisaical about Lovelace, and Sunday always found him at his best; he shook off, as it were, that reserve which overshadowed him during the week, and his family circle,

unlike most Scottish households on the Sabbath, passed the day in cheerful enjoyment.

Yet there was ever a troubled expression in his eyes; and often while his wife and daughter were chatting with and entertaining visitors, he would seize an opportunity to steal away, and shut himself up alone.

His daughter Laura was engaged to be married to the Hon. Stuart Macdonald, who, apart from certain idiosyncrasies of disposition, seemed a very estimable young fellow; yet there was some unaccountable reserve between Norton Lovelace and his intended son-in-law, although it was the dearest wish of the former that his child should become the Hon. Mrs. Mac-Donald.

I had reasoned with Laura and succeeded in persuading her to abandon her desire of becoming an opera singer; and this placed me on a confidential footing with the merchant's family and Stuart Mac-Donald. We met frequently during the subsequent London season,

and that year the merchant prince's lavish entertainments and splendid equipages were again the talk of society.

He kept open house at Kensington; or rather his family did for him, as he seldom appeared there, while Laura's beauty, musical talent, and above all the knowledge that she would inherit much of her father's wealth, drew to the mansion crowds of titled and more or less distinguished admirers.

When I met Stuart Mac-Donald however, I could see plainly that he was ill at ease; there seemed a weight upon his mind, as though he were out of harmony with the surroundings.

One cold day, I rose late, after singing in oratorio at Exeter Hall, and listlessly opened the "Times," while sipping a cup of coffee. Suddenly, throwing down the paper, I sprang to my feet with an ejaculation of horror, that startled my wife. "What is it?" asked she anxiously.

"Norton Lovelace has been arrested on a charge of forgery, to the extent

of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds: I must start for Kensington at once."

I hurried from the house, and caught the next train to town; the first person I encountered on leaving Victoria Station was Stuart Mac-Donald. He was greatly agitated and said: "I have lost heavily in this matter; but of that, nothing; Laura! poor Laura! I want your kind help for her."

"Command me in any way," I said earnestly.

"Will you go to Laura and her mother, and do your best to comfort them? Try and make as little of the affair as possible; Norton Lovelace is remanded for further evidence; before his case comes on again, I shall have raised the required sum, and I hope to be able to quash the proceedings."

He declined my offer of monetary assistance, saying: "I have a right to do this as a proof of my love for his daughter." The following morning we met again, "The worst is to be feared" he said. "My lawyer tells me that, any

attempt to compromise the matter would be unavailing, the prosecution having been instituted by a bank; but what news of Laura and the others?"

"Laura has fled from home; even her mother, who is prostrate with grief, does not know where she has gone, she left this letter to be given to you."

Hastily he opened and read Laura's epistle which ran thus:

"Do not attempt to seek for me; a felon's daughter can never be your wife, or look upon your face again. My one prayer is that you may forget.

Laura."

Poor Stuart leaned his head upon his arms, and, man though he was, broke down utterly, weeping like a woman.

A few weeks later Norton Lovelace was tried, found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life; but through powerful influence it was afterwards reduced to 20 years. His wife and son found friends; the former went to live with a widowed sister, and the latter emigrated to New Zealand, hoping to

obliterate in a new world and career the disgrace cast upon him by his father's crime.

Stuart Mac-Donald declared his intention of going in quest of poor lost Laura. He departed for the Continent, and for some time I heard no more of him; at length I received the following letter dated from Glenlachie castle, the ancient home of his race:

"Dear Reeves.

Since I parted from you I have wandered through France and Italy in search of Laura. My journey has been fruitless, and in yesterday's paper I read the announcement of her sudden death. Dear and deeply lamented girl! After all my efforts to find her, this is the miserable end!

Your ever faithful

Stuart Mac-Donald."

"The verses I enclose, are written in memory of my lost Laura."

The lines were called:

"The Old, Old Tale."

The old, old tale of a love that lives,
Aye lives, though hope has fled,

The old, old tale of a love that lives,
When the heart is cold and dead.

I wander down the haunted path,
To the trysting place once more,
The hallowed twilight knows how oft
We lingered there of yore.
Alas! for the days of yore!

Ah me! for the tale of a love that lives,
Aye lives, though hope has fled,
Ah me, for the tale of a love that lives,
When the heart is cold and dead.

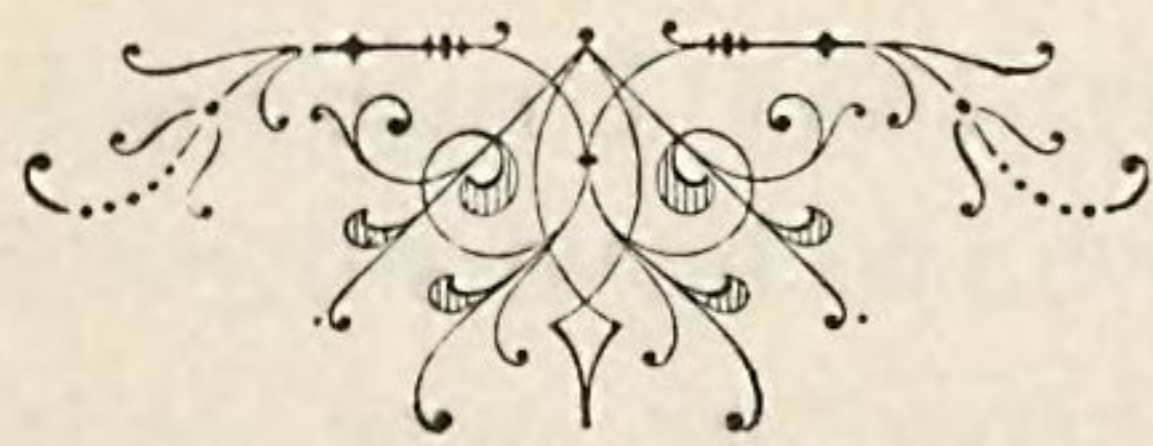
My love is won by the monarch Death,
He gathered the rose I prize;
I linger here on the earth beneath
And she is beyond the skies,
And she is beyond the skies.

Still love, I wait at the gate,
At the trysting place of old;
For ever and aye in my inmost soul
Thine image I'll enfold.

Enclosed also, was a copy of the newspaper paragraph which ran as follows: —

“The inhabitants of the little town of — in Hungary were recently startled by the sudden death of Miss Laura

Lovelace, who was *dame de compagnie* to the wife of the well-known Magyar noble, Count K —. Her father, a man of note in the British mercantile world, was convicted of forgery some little time ago; this, it is believed, preyed on the young lady's mind, and led to her untimely end."





CHAPTER XXII.

WITH MY WIFE I APPEARED IN A SERIES OF
OPERATIC PERFORMANCES.

In February 1851 I returned to Dublin, where I was to have sung with Madame Grisi, who, however, was suddenly taken ill, and declared by her medical attendant to be "totally unable to fulfil any professional engagement." But another *prima donna* was soon forthcoming, and the former Miss Lucombe, now my wife, joined me in a series of operatic representations. We appeared as *Edgardo* and *Lucia*, as *Elvino* and *Amina*, as *Arturo* and *Elvira* ("Puritani"), and as *Ernani* and *Elvira*. I undertook, moreover, the part of *Captain Macheath*, in the "Beggars' Opera."





CHAPTER XXIII.

DARKSHORE CASTLE. A STORY OF PAST, AND A DRAMA OF PRESENT TIMES.

While visiting in the south of Ireland, I made an excursion to the ruins of "Darkshore" Castle, as it was called, and while there, heard not only the romantic story connected with its siege and destruction by Cromwell, but also the particulars of an episode, which had happened during the Fenian agitation, even then still disturbing the land.

The ruins of Daraskshore Castle crown the brow of a steep and lofty hill, from which a splendid view is obtained of the adjacent country; clothed in dense foliage,

the shattered remains of the towering keep yet form an imposing land-mark to the peasantry, who regard those rugged, ivy clad ruins with a feeling akin to reverence.

Huge massive granite walls with loop-hole and casemates bear testimony to the former strength of the fortress, but fallen masonry, broken archways, and columns are all that now survive to speak of past greatness.

On one side Nature has presented an impassable barrier to the invader, and rendered the defensive skill of man superfluous; beneath the battlemented wall the solid rock rises almost perpendicular, while at its foot a swift torrent, black and deep, rushes on its way to the sea. A feeling of dread, which I shall not easily forget, thrilled through me, the first time I gazed into that seething abyss, as I stood on the crumbling turretted arch which terminated what had once been the courtyard of the ancient keep.

In the days when Cromwell ravaged

Ireland, three brothers and their two sisters, the only survivors of a long line, dwelt together in this their ancestral home.

Loyal supporters of Charles's cause, to the last they held out against the usurper, bravely enduring the many terrible privations consequent upon a long siege; while the Man of blood and Bible in vain repeatedly demanded the surrender of the fortress. But,

"How can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the altars of his gods,"

and they laughed Cromwell's efforts to scorn.

He decided on starving them into submission. Famine with its grim attendant horrors seized upon the heroic garrison, and at length the young chief of Darkshore called his followers around him and said:

"Our resolve is taken; let the gates be opened; fight the Cromwellians to the last, or sue for quarter as you may: My brothers, sisters and myself have one refuge left."

The gates were thrown open and in

rushed the conquerors, but ere they entered, that devoted family, fired with the heroism of despair, mounted upon blindfolded horses, and with unfaltering courage, spurred them across the courtyard to where beneath the precipice the headlong torrent rushed. Over the battlemented wall, each without hesitation took the fatal leap; brothers and sisters sank into the boiling depths: their only requiem the yells of Cromwell's infuriated soldiery, and the cries of the slaughtered garrison.

Such is the story of the fall of Darkshore Castle, and I now come to an episode which took place somewhat previous to my visit, under the shadow of the grey ruin.

A dark comely young spinster was Mary Malone; artless and simple as a child, the world to her was bounded by her native village, which seemed a place of contentment and happiness; she dwelt there with her father, mother, and three stalwart brothers, and while the men of her family associated themselves

with others in a plot against the ruling powers, which had for its motive the ever recurring desire of "Ireland for the Irish," Mary like other girls of her class, abode at home, and helped her mother.

The ruins of Darkshore Castle are indeed in their grim solitude most suitable haunts for those who, misguided, seek to conspire against the peace of their neighbours, and here, night by night, came the Head Centre, and his confrères, belonging to a certain branch of the Fenian organization, which then sought to dominate the sister isle.

Pretty Mary also repaired to the same spot, bent on attending mysterious meetings, but having little motive for concealment, she wandered thither in the bright light of day.

The cause may be briefly stated. A stranger who had recently appeared in the village, seeking employment as a waterman, made her acquaintance. Paying her assiduous attention he easily won her untutored simple heart, which soon went

out to him with all the enthusiasm of first love.

He was Mary's senior by some years and could hardly be termed goodlooking; but he was erect and manly in his bearing, and the stories he told her of the great world that lay beyond the village, astonished and fascinated the simple damsel.

Confident and free of speech, among the men, the new boatman was a taking fellow, whom to associate with, was to like; yet, somehow, Mary's brothers were not greatly attracted by him, though he seemed in no want of money, and spent it freely. He, a stranger, they thought, could hardly earn so much merely by ferrying passengers across, or rowing them up the river.

Mary's mother likewise did not "cotton" to the stranger, but her father took a fancy to him, attracted as was his daughter by the younger man's manysided knowledge of life, and pleased with the considerate deference he always showed him.

Ned, the boatman, became Mary's ac-

cepted husband, and a member of the secret society, which owned Mary's father and brothers among its associates; he soon by reason of his superior intelligence held an important post; though at their meetings he was rather an attentive listener than an animated speaker; while his liberality both with purse and whiskey caused him to be reckoned as "a good fellow entirely."

Political matters in Ireland had been for some time ripening to a head; and the Government determined to strike at the Fenian organization root and branch; offers of reward for information, and prohibitions of meetings were scattered broadcast throughout the country, but the people defied both with equal enthusiasm.

As Dublin Castle continued to fulminate decrees, the more did police surveillance increase, so in degree did the Fenian branches become aggressive and daring in their operations.

At length the morning of Mary Malone's marriage dawned; when in spite

of the troublous time, the little village and every one in it was *en fête*. The old weather-stained chapel was early crowded and the solitary bell that hung in the grey tower, did its best to rival its greater brethren of St. Paul's or St. Peter's by ringing a merry peal, for to those simple peasants the cracked old campanula was as the voice of Destiny, that summoned them to the altar or the tomb.

All radiant came the pretty bride walking between her parents, and escorted by her brothers; with blushing downcast look she walked up the gravelled path to the chapel door, where Ned, the boatman, awaited them, carefully attired, but for one ordinarily so cool, somewhat ill at ease.

As the bride and her party reached the portal of the sacred edifice, she was suddenly pushed without ceremony into the building with her mother; while a violent tumult of yells and shrieks arising, filled their souls with dismay and terror.

Presently Mary beheld, with fright

and amazement her father and three brothers handcuffed and in the custody of policemen, as her mother in an agony, hung upon the old man's neck, and the bridegroom stood by agitated, but striving to assume composure. In an instant the truth flashed upon her. "Oh! Ned!" she wailed, and with a heartrending cry, fell senseless to the earth.

For a moment his countenance relaxed and he seemed to shrink, but he speedily controlled himself, and, turning to the constabulary close by, said in a voice of command: "Form into line! Quick March!" And with all the members of the secret society in close custody, they marched unheeding past the insensible girl and her weeping mother.

That night two policemen were heard to commune thus:

"He's a cool card, mate, is the Dublin sergeant Fergusson," said one.

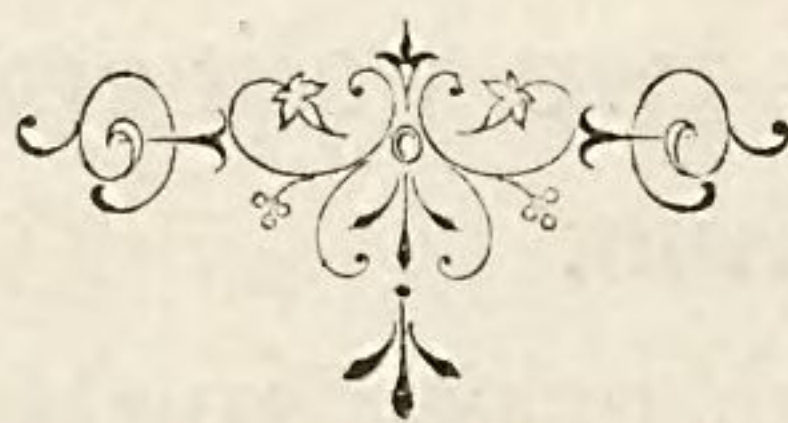
"An old hand," replied the other, "did them completely; even going so far as to arrange for his marriage with the daughter."

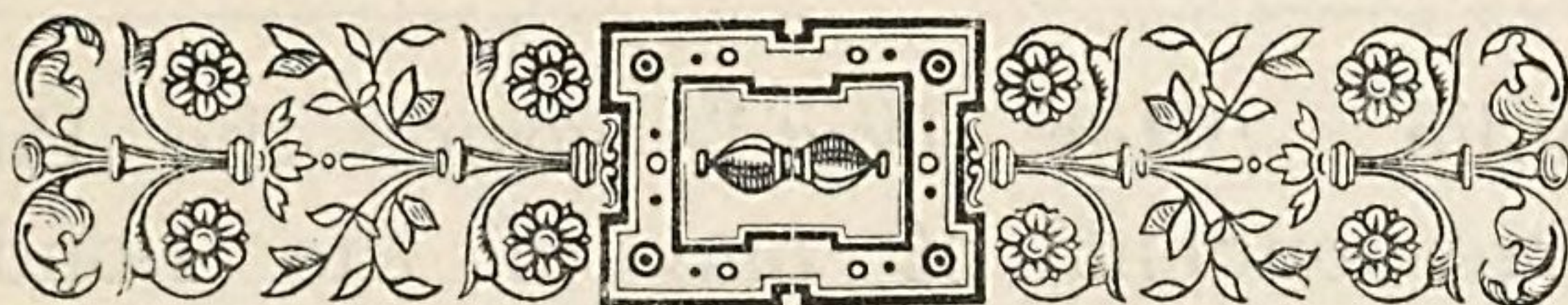
"He did! what'll he get from the Government for the job?"

"Enough to take himself and his wife and family anywhere they like for pleasure."

"Well," said the first speaker, "it's not everyone could do this thing; and mark my words: the Sergeant wont thrive, he'll be caught in his own trap yet."

Ned, the boatman, alias Tom Fergusson, police spy and arch-informer, was some time after shot dead by an unknown hand; the villagers said a cousin of Mary Malone's, who had long loved her without return. She, poor girl, lingered on for a year, and then died of a broken heart.





CHAPTER XXIV.

MY ENGAGEMENT AT THE THÉÂTRE DES ITALIENS, PARIS.

I had scarcely finished my engagement at Dublin, when I was called upon to sing at the Théâtre des Italiens of Paris, then under the direction of Mr. Lumley.

Arriving in the French Capital, I was introduced to my new public at a concert, where I made a very favourable impression. Mr. Lumley wrote to me as follows: You will have a great success in "Ernani;" I was delighted to observe the real hold you had obtained over the Parisians by your singing at the last concert. Simultaneously with myself, Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli made her first appearance before a Parisian

public. "Her *début*," wrote the Paris correspondent of one of the London musical journals, "as *Dona Sol* in the *ranting* opera of 'Ernani'" (Verdi was not much admired in those days) "was triumphant. Sims Reeves played *Ernani*, Colini *Carlo V.*, and Scapini *Silva*. The English tenor was in splendid voice, and rose higher than ever in the good opinion of the *abonnés*."

I during my engagement at the Théâtre des Italiens, sang among other parts, those of *Carlo* in "Linda di Chammouni," and *Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia." A writer, describing the "Linda" performance, says, that at times the house "literally rang with applause." The *Linda* was the renowned Madame Sontag, who, after a successful career, terminating with a seemingly brilliant marriage, had now returned to the operatic stage—the marriage having turned out less brilliant, than it had at first appeared; and it was said that, "in the duet with Madame Sontag, Reeves was cheered enthusiastically."

Probably no singer has less cause to complain than myself of not being appreciated.

My merits, however, like those of all artists fortunate enough to become subjects of general discussion, have at times been denied or, at least, underestimated; and when I was at the height of success as a singer of Italian Operatic music, my old friend, the Rev. Archer Gurney constituted himself my champion in a Satire called: "The Transcendentalists."

After describing some other popular singers of the day, Mr. Gurney passed on to myself, whose qualities were perhaps not justly valued by a certain section of our operatic habitués. "These," he wrote referring to the most favoured of the Italian Vocalists,

These crowds admire; these fashion's swarm applaud,
These all the wise men in the papers laud;
While—though I banter, such confession grieves,
The "Connoisseurs" have only shrugs for "Reeves,"
Or, at the best, bestow, his worthiest done,
Insulting patronage on Genius' son.
Let fashion yawn, or sapient learning frown,
These verses float to mute oblivion down,

Yet gladly roll they now, whoe'er deride,
To one whom Britain calls her son with pride.

Why should not she, who guards our Albion's throne,
And sways her sceptre, British genius own?
Surely some calumny, some slander vile,
Forged by Italian fraud, perchance, and guile,
Has closed that royal soul to Genius' claim;
For they, who cannot equal, may defame.
For me, true merit must inspire my lays;
Would that some worthier trophy I could raise
To powers that oft the inmost soul have stirr'd
Until I sat entranced, and breathed no word.

In Reeves the rarest qualities combine;
Art's highest magic, and the glow divine,
Which kindles generous souls with nameless force,
Which vulgar fashion reprobates as coarse,
That mean and small refinement which would throw
Convention's pall o'er all—above, below;
A voice which ranging wide, possesses still
A sympathetic quality to thrill;
Now charms you like the zephyr's softest tone,
The nightingale's bewildering forest-moan,
Now like the storm-wind wakes to glorious strife,
And kindles passion's billows into life:
All by that taste controlled, that instinct high,
No study can achieve, no art can buy,
Heaven's gift at birth, which, falling from above,
Attuned the artist's soul to light and love.

Hear him as *Edgar Ravenswood* complain;
This is no forced, no artificial strain;
Your soul lies whelm'd 'neath those deep seas of grief,
Until a sigh, or tears, must yield relief.
Hear him of Nelson's death the burden sing,
Where is the heart would not responsive ring?
Even Fashion's slaves are rapt beyond control,
And start to find they still possess a soul.
But oh! in Handel's strain, that awes and charms,
List him as *Samson* taunt the giant's alarms,
Or else as gentle *Acis* trill his lay,
Or as brave *Maccabaeus* fire the fray;
O hear him in those strains most rapt of all,
As *Jephthah* mourn his one loved daughter's fall,
And then, with heart-restoring melodies,
Follow her—angel wafted to the skies.
Can critics list, and coldly say "'Twas well?"
And can the public wake not to the spell?
It wakes, to momentary glow it wakes:
Beneath the charm convention all forsakes;
The vast crowd thrill with joys unknown till then,
And music stirs the hearts of Englishmen.
But soon that most unwonted ardour dies,
Ardour that must its owners much surprise.
The crowd goes home, and mutters, "I declare,
Reeves does sing finely though!" "Yes, very fair."
"Not in good taste though quite, but he'll improve."
And so the dull world slides along its groove.





CHAPTER XXV.

MDLLE. BRITANI.

PRevious to my leaving town to fulfil an engagement in the French capital, I heard much of the strong company with whom I was to appear, and especially of the prima donna, Mdlle. Britani, who held high ground in operatic circles. "An artiste to her finger-tips" said those, whose opinion on such subjects was of value.

Arrived in gay Paris, I found little time for reflection. Rehearsals had begun, and in this Paradise of pleasure and courtesy, passion and politics, I expected to meet many old acquaintances, social and professional.

I appeared punctually the next morning at the "Théâtre des Italiens" in time for the second rehearsal of Ernani, and great indeed was my astonishment when I recognized in Mdlle. Britani, my friend Laura Lovelace, who was supposed to have died suddenly two years before; she was somewhat older in appearance, but otherwise little changed, save that certain resolute lines about her mouth seemed to have deepened and hardened.

Many conversations passed during the intervals of our scenes, in which she related much that had happened in the past two years, and how the false report of her death had arisen. She entreated me not to make known the fact of her existence to any of our former friends; and to this I assented, with, however, one mental reservation.

As I saw and heard her, sorrowfully did my mind travel back to the once happy Lovelace family, especially that grave, hard working merchant, whose fall was so sudden, and to a certain extent mysterious. I had always an

idea that he was more sinned against, than sinning; for the intrigues among our great financiers are little guessed at by the general public, and many a mercantile firm of princely wealth and colossal influence, has owed its success to transactions which have been pulled through by the proverbial "skin of the teeth." Success brought honour and prosperity, failure the criminal dock, and Portland or Dartmoor.

To return to Ernani: On its production it proved a triumphant success, and the new prima donna justified all that had been said of her; with experience she would attain high rank as an operatic singer; for, though not without faults of style, she possessed a powerful and sympathetic voice, and no small talent as an actress.

Her modest reserve, a quality so often lacking in artistes vocal or dramatic, gave her an additional charm; she never lingered on the stage longer than the *role* required, or "made eyes" at the stalls; an elderly woman, a worthy Scotch

matron, who had once been her father's housekeeper, attended her as duenna; and when she was on the stage waited at the wings, returning with her when the performance was over, to their quiet lodgings.

As is currently known, vocalists cultivate suppers; indeed to many artistes it forms the only solid meal of the day, then restraint and anxiety cease for a time, and relaxed Nature takes a rest.

Mdlle. Britani, my wife and myself, were at the supper table one night when the servant brought me a note hastily written in pencil. Recognising the writing I started, then rising with an apology to our guest, I passed into the adjoining room.

My absence was prolonged; at least, so thought my wife, who came out to enquire the cause. Briefly I told her, presenting the friend who had called upon us; after a few minutes consultation we returned to the supper room and Mdlle. Britani; my heart beat somewhat faster as I opened the door, for in another

moment Stuart Mac Donald stood face to face with Laura Lovelace!

The first time we met at the theatre, I learned from her that it was a cousin, bearing the same name, who had died in Hungary. She, Laura, had directly after her father's conviction, made her way to Italy; there finding friends, she had carefully studied to develop her natural gifts for the lyric stage, and this Paris engagement was the first important one she had obtained; unknown to her I forwarded these particulars to poor Stuart Mac Donald. The result was his visit to me that evening.

My wife and I retired for a short time on some trifling pretext; when we joined them again, they were seated side by side, both were greatly agitated, but her face bore an expression of unalterable resolution.

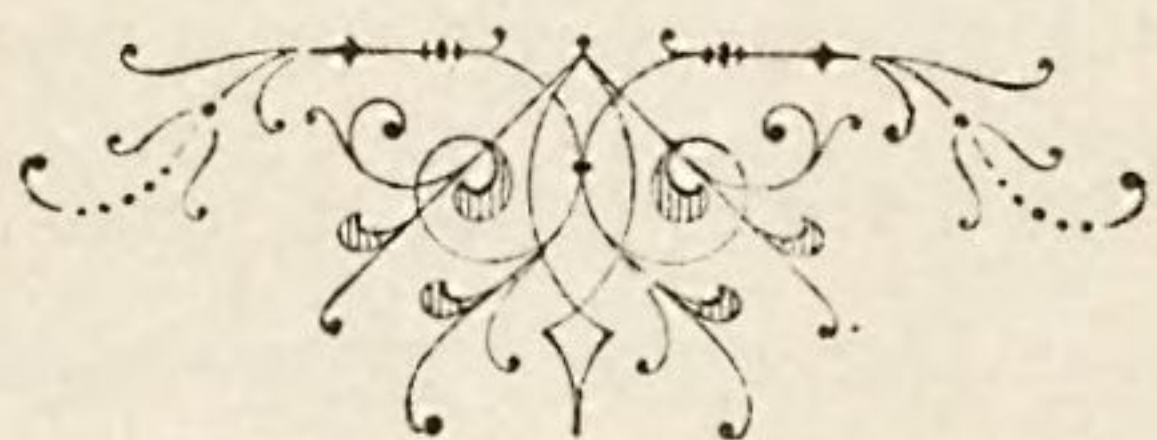
As Mac Donald rose to depart, I knew by his hopeless air, that the renewal of his suit had proved fruitless: I accompanied him to the door, where, pressing my hand, he said: "She will

never marry me; it is her inexorable resolve. To be tolerated as a friend, where I was once a lover, and hoped to have been husband! It is indeed a bitter reflection."

"She will never marry me," he kept mournfully repeating while descending the stairs.

A few nights later I seized on what seemed a favourable moment to plead for the poor fellow. It was when Mdlle. Britani and myself had been loudly applauded, after singing the beautiful duo "*Tornami a dir'che m'ami;*" I said in an under-tone: "Laura, think of unhappy Stuart." "The thought of my convict father is surely enough," she replied and her despairing accent I shall not easily forget: I never referred to the subject again. Avoiding England or Scotland, Laura reigns as a prima donna on the Continental stage; we meet occasionally in this world of change, but she always seems to me as a child found to be lost again. She ever welcomes Stuart Mac Donald with the kindness of a friend,

but the heart's glow is chilled by the shadow of the tomb, where Love lies buried. Yet there are times, when her matchless firmness seems to relax, and poor Stuart has told me, that he still has hope that the "love that lived," may one day rise from its grave again."





CHAPTER XXVI.

SING IN "ELI" "NAAMANN" AND "ROBIN HOOD".
DEATH OF MY FATHER. CRYSTAL PALACE
FESTIVAL. "FAUST." &c. &c.

Of late years I have appeared but little on the Operatic Stage, having confined myself chiefly to concert-singing and oratorio-performances. In Opera, in Oratorio, and in simple ballads I have been uniformly successful.

Braham, like myself, had a success which was many-sided; indeed it is not a little remarkable, that Braham took his farewell of the public in the very year, 1839, in which I appeared before the public for the first time. Reference must be made to my efforts in English ballad-opera, such as the before-mentioned

“Beggar’s Opera” and the “Waterman.” Moreover, that in 1860 I sang in Macfarren’s “Robin Hood” at Her Majesty’s Theatre.

Macfarren composed the principal part in what is now generally recognised as that master’s best Opera for myself; likewise Mr., afterwards Sir Michael Costa, assigned to me the leading characters in “Eli” and in “Naaman.”

In Larousse’s generally excellent “Dictionnaire Universel du XIX^e Siècle,” the writer of the article upon myself calls particular attention to my performances at our great provincial festivals, where it was said “he interprets with inexpressible charm Scotch and English melodies.” It is not, however, by the presentation of national ballads that our provincial festivals have gained the high musical reputation, which justly belongs to them; but rather by the admirable manner in which, at these great music-meetings, the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn are performed.

In 1855, I undertook the principal

tenor-part, written, as before mentioned, expressly for me, in the oratorio of "Eli," composed for the Birmingham Festival. Mr. Costa, in preparing this work, had much to contend with. The story is disjointed, and the incidents, few and far between, by no means lend themselves to musical illustration. The composer was therefore compelled to give a fragmentary shape to his music, and to break the interest into pieces. There are two situations, however, which offer opportunities to the musician; and of these Mr. Costa did not fail to take advantage. The first is where *Eli* overhears his two sons, *Hophni* and *Phineas*, riotously singing to the women assembled at the door of the tabernacle; the second is where *Saph*—a valiant warrior of Gath—summons the Philistines to battle. The second situation—the call to battle—was turned to excellent musical account; and it is narrated in the journals of the period that "the singing of Mr. Sims Reeves and the chorus induced the audience to overthrow the barriers of etiquette, and

take from the hands of the president the assumed right of encoring. The solo and chorus, 'Philistines, Hark the Trumpet Sounding,' carried everything before it, and the audience were quite unable to suppress their emotions. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the solo with electrical effect; the chorus answered in a voice of thunder; and the applause was such that, as before stated, the president was obliged to consent to a repetition."

Among the audience, listening with critical attention, were three famous tenors of the day—Mario, Gardoni, and Tamberlik. At the end of the oratorio the greatest of the three complimented, in presence of his artistic colleagues, the successful composer. "But you have insulted us," he added, jokingly. "How?" enquired Costa. "By giving the tenor part," replied Mario, "to an English singer. But you were right after all," he continued; "for no Italian could have sung it."

In Sir Michael Costa's second oratorio, written, like the first, for the Birmingham

Festival, the tenor part (*Naaman*), as in "Eli," had been composed expressly for myself. My associates in the work were Adelina Patti, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley; and one of the great successes of the oratorio was the quartett, "Honour and Glory," executed by the singers just named. "Nothing more unanimous," wrote one of the critics present at the festival, "nothing more spontaneous was ever witnessed, than the overwhelming demand for an instant repetition of this wonderfully striking and effective piece. It was, moreover, superbly executed. In the delivery of the opening phrase (alternately taken up by the other voices), Mr. Sims Reeves electrified his hearers; every note was an 'Armstrong;' then the youthful, sympathetic, and penetrating notes of Mdlle. Adelina Patti's exquisite soprano rang through the hall like sounds from a silver trumpet. In the bass part, Mr. Santley was incomparable; while Miss Palmer, the contralto, by her correctness and intelligence, showed how thoroughly she felt the honour of being in such company."

This was Adelina Patti's first appearance in oratorio; and the composer was indeed fortunate in finding such a representative for his *Adah*. Patti's *début* as a singer of sacred music was pronounced by everyone a triumphant success. To keep more particularly to my performance, it is recorded that "all the martial music which forms part of the paraphernalia attending the several appearances of *Naaman*, including the splendidly instrumental triumphal march with chorus in the first part, and a purely instrumental march, both original and characteristic, in the second, is as vigorous and spirited as could be wished. *Naaman's* last solo, 'Blessed be the Lord God,' a sort of prologue to the imposing final chorus, is a grand piece of musical declamation. It is doubtful whether any other tenor than Mr. Sims Reeves, who in his reading imparts almost as much dramatic significance, as if he were surrounded by all the accessories and appointments of stage representation, could be found, to make *Naaman* the striking character he

makes him. Never has this artist been more completely master of his resources than at this festival; and never did he exert his rare powers with more assiduity and success, than on behalf of Mr. Costa's new work. 'There is but one Reeves,' was the remark on all sides, after his noble delivery of the first phrase in the inspiring quartette. . . . Mr. Costa had secured for his oratorio a cast of unprecedented strength. Besides the four artists already named, Madame Sainton-Dolby was provided with a part, which, if dramatically unimportant, contained two very beautiful airs: 'I Sought the Lord,' and 'I Dreamt I was in Heaven.'"

At the conclusion of the oratorio, Mr. Costa called upon me to express appreciation of the invaluable aid I rendered throughout the performance; but finding me absent, left his card, upon which was written, "*In paradiso non si canta meglio.*"

In the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn there are not a few parts, with which I may claim close identifi-

cation. Take, for instance, the recitative in St. Paul, "Men, Brothers, and Fathers, Harken to me," and the airs, "The Enemy has said," and "Sound an Alarm," in "Judas Maccabæus."

Meanwhile, I had not for the sake of oratorio-performances been neglecting opera. In 1860, a new attempt to establish an English opera was made at Her Majesty's Theatre, by Mr. E. T. Smith. This enterprising manager aimed, however, at too much. He engaged two distinct companies, and arranged to perform two distinct series of operas. English and Italian opera were to be performed on alternate nights, the English season beginning with a new romantic work, entitled "Robin Hood;" the music composed by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the libretto by Mr. John Oxenford. The artists engaged for "Robin Hood," were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Lemaire, Mr. Santley, Mr. Parkinson, and myself. The musical journals announced beforehand, that I had a part which would be found to suit me in every respect; and

the *Musical World* set forth that "both poet and musician had our great tenor in their mind's eye, when they put pen to paper." "Robin Hood," to return for a moment to Mr. Smith's general scheme, was to be followed by "Il Trovatore," in Italian, with Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Lemaire, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Vialetti, in the principal parts.

Besides the vocalists to whom parts were assigned in Mr. Macfarren's new opera, the English company included Miss Parepa (afterwards Madame Parepa-Rosa), Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, Miss Laura Baxter, and Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Swift, Mr. Geo. Perren, Mr. Patey, and others. The conductor of the orchestra, which served one night for the English, another for the Italian performances, was, for the former, Mr. Chas. Hallé; for the latter, Signor Arditì. "The undertaking," wrote the *Musical World*, "is curious and important, and may prove hazardous. We think it somewhat bold in Mr. Smith, after securing so capital an English company—one, indeed, which almost

ensures success *a priori*—to engage an Italian company to interfere with that success. Mr. Sims Reeves no doubt is a powerful attraction, and he has a public of his own, which will not be moved from him by any Italian allurements. But we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that an immense temptation is proffered to the public in being afforded a means of hearing Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini at playhouse prices.”

“Mr. E. T. Smith,” continued our lively contemporary, after the manager had opened Her Majesty’s Theatre, with his twofold enterprise, “is in the position of a skilful sportsman, who shoots with a double-barrelled gun. If one barrel miss fire, the other is sure to hit—that is, provided the aim be straight and the gun properly loaded. But sometimes even with these provisions, though the hand be steady, and the sight be clear and well directed—though the powder be from the best mills and the shot be undeniably spherical—the object is not hit—if hit to no purpose. The bird flies

away unscathed, and leaves the sportsman to lament over his bad luck; for what sportsman would admit that the failure was to be attributed to himself?"

"As regards Mr. Macfarren's new opera," said the same periodical a week or two later, "a greater and more legitimate success than that achieved by this work we never witnessed. The crowd was immense, the excitement unusual, and expectation on tiptoe. That Mr. John Oxenford was the author of the libretto gave a new interest to the performance, and all the musicians and poets in London, and many far from London, were in their places, anxious and expectant, long before the curtain rose. Moreover, the cast of the parts presented an unusual attraction in itself. Mr. Sims Reeves, who, except during his annual visit to the National Standard in the oriental suburbs, has not appeared for years on the London boards, was to play the principal character; and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who has never appeared on the stage at all, was to make her *début*. Mr. Santley, too,

and Mr. George Honey, from the Royal English Opera, were both included in the cast."

"The pieces which received most applause were the overture, encored and repeated; the duet for *Locksley* and *Marian*, 'When Lovers are Parted,' exquisitely warbled by Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Sherrington; the song for *Marian*, 'True Love, True Love in my Heart,' the subject of which is frequently employed throughout the opera; *Locksley's* song, 'Englishmen by Birth are Free,' magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, who refused to accept the *encore* called for by the entire audience; the *finale* to the first act commencing with the round, 'May the Saints Protect and Guide Thee,' *Robin Hood's* song, 'The Grasping, Rasping Norman Race'—another splendid piece of vocalization by Mr. Sims Reeves; the whole fair scene at Nottingham, a masterpiece throughout; *Locksley's* ballad, 'Thy Gentle Voice would Lead me on,' the most graceful and flowery air in the opera, given to perfection by Mr. Sims

Reeves; the *finale* to the second act, the most elaborate and powerful composition in the opera; and *Locksley's* grand *scena* in the prison.

“Of Mr. Sims Reeves it is impossible to speak too highly. He was never in finer voice, never sang more magnificently, nor in the course of his lengthened career did he ever create a more profound impression. The music of ‘Robin Hood’ is extremely varied; and whether as the sentimental lover wooing *Marian*, as the freeborn Saxon denouncing foreign oppression, or the doomed outlaw in the gaol lamenting his approaching fate, the singing of Mr. Sims Reeves was equally admirable.”

In a subsequent notice the same paper wrote: — “‘Robin Hood’ continues to draw immense audiences, and the interest the performance created on the first night increases with each successive repetition. As the music is heard oftener, its beauties become more apparent and its purpose is rendered more distinct. This is the best compliment that could be paid to

the opera, and proves that its merits are not superficial, nor its attractions merely of the *ad captandum* kind. So great indeed is the success, that it weakens in some respects the *prestige* of the alternate Italian nights; and Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, etc., now warble to more multitudinous ears than Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, even with the aid of 'Don Giovanni.' It is lucky for Mr. Buckstone that the Haymarket Theatre is so near Her Majesty's. The 'overflows' to 'Robin Hood' have helped to 'cram' the elegant little temple of comedy opposite. Of the principal singers engaged in the performance of 'Robin Hood' we cannot speak too favourably. Mr. Sims Reeves was never better suited; and besides his wonderfully spirited declamation of the songs elsewhere quoted, gives the arduous *scena* of the prison, late as it appears in the opera, with an enthusiasm that imparts itself to his audience, and encourages the belief that he could go through the whole of his music again with the utmost

ease, so fresh and vigorous is his voice —so unabated his energy.”

In December 1860, I had the misfortune to lose my father and for a time ceased to appear in public. On my return to Her Majesty's Theatre the *Daily Telegraph* made the occasion the subject of the following article: — “On Tuesday night Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance in public, since the loss of his father deprived the theatre of his invaluable services. We constantly hear reflections made on the capriciousness of artistes, and as in most cases these observations are totally unfounded, we are always glad of an opportunity to give full credit to those who do their very utmost to keep faith with the public. It ought to be made known that Mr. Sims Reeves has throughout the season strained every nerve in order to avoid disappointing his audience. During the run of ‘Robin Hood’ he has contracted no other engagement; indeed, he has never once sung at the concerts at which he usually appears — as he was expected to do on

the off-nights of Her Majesty's Opera — fearing lest the additional exertion might possibly prevent his doing full justice to the part he had undertaken to perform. Mr. Reeves has thus made real and tangible sacrifices for the sake of aiding the success of national opera, and this proof of selfdenying devotion to his art will be fully appreciated by all. Certainly the warmth of the reception accorded to him last night seemed to express sympathy with the man as much as admiration for the artist. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, the enforced rest having exerted an evidently beneficial influence, and he never sang with more expression and effect. 'Thou art my own, my Guiding Star,' was deliciously rendered, and vehemently applauded; while the spirited drinking song was given with immense vigour; it was, however, in the long and arduous *scena* of the prison that the exquisite taste and consummate skill in vocalisation of the great tenor were both most remarkably displayed."

Since 1860 I have been but rarely

heard on the operatic stage. But I have continued without intermission to sing at the most important of our musical festivals, and at the oratorio-performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society. My greatest triumphs, however, in sacred music, have been achieved at the Crystal Palace, amidst the grandest surroundings by which the impressiveness of the masterpieces of sacred music has ever been enhanced. When, in June 1857, the preliminary Handel Festival was held at the Crystal Palace, I achieved remarkable success in the three oratorios performed — the “Messiah,” “Israel in Egypt,” and “Judas Maccabæus.” These three works were repeated under the same conditions at the centennial festival of 1859 — the first of the festivals given every three years even to the present day. At the historical festival of 1859 the solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Reeves and Weiss, and Signor Belletti. All these vocalists were up to their usual standard of excellence. It was on the second day, in “Judas,” that I

made a profound impression. When I appeared on the platform to sing, the audience and orchestra, according to the *Musical World*, "received him with thunders of applause, the former indeed 'rising at him,' as the pit at Drury Lane were wont to do at Kean. The selection from 'Judas' comprised the chorus, 'Oh, Father, whose Almighty Power;' the recitative and aria, 'Sound an Alarm;' the chorus, 'We Hear, we Hear, the Pleasing Dreadful Call;' the recitative and air, 'From Mighty Kings;' the duet and chorus, 'Oh never, never Bow we Down;' and the trio and chorus, 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' Mr. Sims Reeves created an immense sensation in that most stirring of all martial airs, 'Sound an Alarm,' and was encored in a hurricane of applause."

Great, however, as was my success on this occasion, I attained a crowning triumph on the third and concluding day. "Israel in Egypt" was the work performed; and in it I, according to the *Musical World*, "sang transcendently. He

literally surpassed himself. His execution of 'The Enemy Said' was, indeed, the great vocal feat of the festival. It even went beyond 'Sound an Alarm,' in 'Judas Maccabæus.'"

At each succeeding triennial festival until 1877 I continued to appear at the Crystal Palace; now the principal tenor music at these magnificent celebrations is entrusted to other artists.

In June 1862, I undertook the principal part in a cantata by Mr. Balfe, on the subject of "Mazeppa." The work had been composed specially for me and was produced by me at one of his own concerts. The cantata had no lasting success. We read, nevertheless, in the chronicles of the time, that "piece after piece was applauded with warmth and unanimity," and that *Mazeppa's* first air, in particular, was received with great demonstrations of delight.

In 1864 I appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in "Faust," then at the very zenith of its popularity; when I succeeded in a part in which so many

tenors have sought to distinguish themselves.

“Mr. Sims Reeves,” wrote one of the best critical journals of that day, “is, as an accomplished oratorio-singer must be, great in recitative. His excellence in this respect enables him to put an interest in the opening scene which it has hitherto lacked. His utterance of the soliloquy of the old philosopher is full of points which reveal a dramatic instinct. This, added to the splendid energy which he throws into the closing duet with *Mephistopheles*, brings the first act into its proper degree of prominence, and saves the story from seeming, what most representations have made it, a love tale, and nothing more. In the more exciting scenes he is not less successful. No other singer that we know unites the two qualities of declamatory vigour and tenderness of expression. Both of these are wanted to make a complete *Faust*, and in virtue of this combination, all question of acting apart, it must be allowed that no performance of the music has yet come up

to his. Mr. Reeves, moreover, was in exceptionally 'good voice' on Saturday last; his tone was magnificent. May this happy state of his larynx continue till all musical London has been to hear him."





CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The North Headland lighthouse is a conspicuous object on the rugged Yorkshire coast. Fenced in by a granite breakwater it stands upon a rocky reef which renders navigation particularly dangerous: indeed, at low water no vessel save the smallest dare venture near the hidden Bar: and when a south-east gale blows, the captains of storm-tossed ships give the light house a very wide berth.

At one time the beacon light was in charge of a woman: a thing without precedent in lighthouse annals, and her story came to my knowledge during a

summer vacation spent in wanderings along the wild coast; I may mention here the fact, that it was my own experience of a terrible storm between St. Katherine's dock and New-castle-on-Tyne, which suggested the energy and expression, wherewith I have usually sung the "Bay of Biscay.

Some years previous to my visit the lighthouse was tenanted by one Susan Williams and her brother. He was nominally the light house keeper; but the chief duties of the post devolved upon her, and she performed them in right workmanlike fashion.

She was a reserved, thoughtful woman, some 30 years old, handsome, and with manners above her station; always wearing black in memory of her husband, whom she had loved devotedly. Mrs. Williams yet declined to consider herself a widow. John Williams, her husband, the last keeper of the lighthouse, had unaccountably disappeared four years previously and as time passed the mystery surrounding his fate seemed to deepen.

He had been a saturnine, gloomy-tempered man, considerably older than his wife, who, when he wedded her, was a bright lovely girl. That a couple so distinctly opposite in disposition could marry, was a matter of surprise to all who knew them; but she seemed to worship him and they got on fairly well together until his mysterious disappearance.

Diligent search was made for him round the coast, but without result; and Susan Williams at her own earnest request was allowed to assume the post and duties of lighthouse-keeper with her brother as assistant.

All agreed, that the missing John Williams had been accidentally drowned, but his wife held firmly to the belief that he was still alive: "He will return," was her sole answer to all suggestions of his death and "he will return" became the one cheering thought of her existence.

Vigilant and untiring was the watch she kept; in the bright dawn or when the silver moon rode high, did she, as her duties permitted, seat herself in a little

nook beneath the lantern and gaze far out to sea with yearning eyes, that found not what they sought.

At last there came a day, when the good ship Marco Polo was homeward bound with a miscellaneous and valuable cargo; she was a stout vessel of some 600 tons burthen, with a crew of fourteen hands. Her captain, like herself, had weathered many a storm, and under full sail with a stern breeze the Marco Polo made a quick passage home.

But ere she came in sight of the North-Headland the wind changed and blew with violence from the south-east; and being low tide, she lay to, awaiting its rising, ere venturing to cross the dangerous Bar.

Night darkened over sea and land and the gale increased in force, till it became a hurricane; while wind and wave struggled fiercely for the mastery.

The captain of the "Marco Polo" knew well the neighbourhood of that cruel reef; and exhorted his crew to prepare for the worst. The masts were

cut away and fell over the side; while the port and starboard anchors being let go, the fated ship strove to defy the tempest.

But suddenly the cables parted, as a tremendous wave struck the vessel, sending her almost on her beam-ends; the struggle was ended and the "Marco Polo" a helpless log, drifted to her fate upon the deadly reef. The captain and crew lashed themselves to spars and rigging; another great wave lifted the hapless bark, then dashed her upon the pitiless rocks and the waters rioted in exultant fury around their hapless prey.

"Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank.

"Ho! Ho! the breakers roared."

The storm died down and over the vast expanse nothing was visible save that gleam of the warning light; soon, however, the dawn broke and Susan Williams, who had watched the tempest with white face and wildly beating heart, still sat in her nook beneath the lighthouse lantern, but her eyes were weary with her terrible watch and her ears yet

filled with the shrieks of the drowning crew, as they went down with their gallant ship.

Far out on the bar, but visible in the dim light, she suddenly descried an object, that rose and fell upon the tossing waves and drifted towards the shore.

Presently it came nearer and she could distinguish the outlines of a human form.

"It is a man lashed to a spar" said Susan to herself. Rising she seized a boat-hook and a coil of rope and rapidly descended the lighthouse stair. Stepping out on to the lower gallery, she saw that the object she was in search of, had reached the inner current washing the foundations of the lighthouse and would speedily be hurled against them. Swiftly she clambered down the rocks, boat-hook in hand, near to where the survivor of the wreck (if survivor he was) drifted. As the spar to which he was lashed came within reach, she endeavoured to fix the hook into it, but a great wave striking her, she was forced back upon the rocks, while the boat-hook

snapped in her hands. Quickly recovering herself, however, she unfastened the coil from round her waist and forming a noose, secured the broken boat-hook to it and cast it lasso-wise towards the drowning sailor.

By Heaven's mercy it caught in a loop of the rope, that bound him to the spar, and she exerted all her strength to draw him to the ledge of rock, where she was stationed; but here the current was against her and she soon saw, that her only hope lay in getting the spar into the smooth water on the other side, when she could easily draw it to land.

Creeping gradually around the ledge and keeping firm hold of the rope, as the object of her care floated with the swell of the tide, at length it was drawn into a hollow, formed by the rocks, and with one strong pull she hauled it in and made fast the rope to a stanchion of the gallery. Ere this her brother, who had been compelled to attend to the lantern, which had been damaged by a frightened sea-bird during the storm, appeared on the

scene, and between them they carried the insensible stranger into the lighthouse. Restoratives were at hand, and he soon gave signs of returning animation. But before he did so, she had recognised him and knew that her semi-widowhood was ended, for in the shipwrecked outcast she discovered her lost husband John Williams!

It afterwards transpired that Williams under one of these curious impulses, which sometimes seize men, causing them to desert their families and live a secluded life for years in the next street, had taken an opportunity when on leave of joining the ship *Marco Polo*, then outward bound, had been with her ever since, having risen to the rank of mate, and probably but for the storm and consequent wreck, his faithful, long expectant wife might never have seen or heard of him again.





CHAPTER XXVIII.

I DETERMINED TO RESIST THE ABNORMAL PITCH AND DECLINED SINGING AT THE HANDEL FESTIVAL. MY APPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN IN THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA" AND THE "WATERMAN." SIGNOR MARIO. WHY TENORS ARE SO WELL PAID. GENERAL RESUMÉ.

Singing in all parts of England and in all kinds of music, I gradually became convinced, that some stand must be made on behalf of singers, against the constantly increasing rise in the pitch; and in December 1868, I addressed the following letter on the subject to the editor of the Athenæum:

"Sir, — I read with great interest your comment upon Miss Hauck's *Amina* at Covent Garden "that it is high time the pitch of our orchestras should be adapted

to the normal diapason" used in France and Germany. Your complaint is one which I have strenuously and repeatedly, although in vain up to the present, insisted upon; and I can only trust, now that so influential a paper in musical circles as yours has taken up the subject, that your complaint will meet with greater attention than my individual reiteration of it.

"Not only foreigners accustomed to foreign orchestras will be indebted to you for thus protesting against, as you most truly remark, "the human voice — the most delicate of all instruments — being sacrificed to the false brilliancy attained by perpetually forcing up the pitch," but also English artistes generally. And, as you truly remark, "the pitch in this country is half a tone higher than that of most foreign orchestras, and a whole tone higher than it was in the time of Gluck."

"So strong is my conviction upon this subject that some time back I intimated to the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic

Society my final decision—and, notwithstanding grave reasons for my coming to a contrary determination—not to sing for that Society so long as the pitch of the orchestra was maintained at its present height, and until it was as you suggest, “assimilated to the normal diapason of France.”

J. SIMS REEVES.

GRANGE MOUNT, BEULAH SPA,

UPPER NORWOOD, *Nov. 10th.*

Some time afterwards returning to the subject I addressed to the Athenæum a second letter, which ran as follows:—

GRANGE MOUNT, BEULAH SPA,

UPPER NORWOOD.

It is very painful to me to be dragged into something like a public controversy by the personal remarks of your musical critic, as to my being “the main cause of an agitation that has led only to confusion and discord,” etc. No reform of standing abuses can be effected without a certain measure of debate. There are always opposing influences that must be overcome; and temporary strife may be well purchased by the final advance of

the true interests of art. Uniformity, this gentleman assures us, can only be secured by legislative enactment as in France. This may be so; but though we are law-abiding people, we do not fly to a central authority on all occasions, and I almost fear that musical art is not yet quite sufficiently valued in this country for a legislative enactment of such a kind, to be within the range of immediate probabilities. We must then, as individuals, do what we can and may, and I for one am willing to incur the charge of interested motives, which your musical critic, not very graciously perhaps, urges against me, if thereby I promote the cause of art and benefit my admirable fellow-artistes, both English and foreign. And now to answer the allegations urged against me as briefly as possible.

1.—I really cannot take upon myself the credit for the reduction of organ pitch at Birmingham, because it is notorious that this was an absolute necessity (and letters in my possession from the managers prove it) in order to conform

the pitch to the reduced one at Drury Lane.

2.—I can undertake to prove, if need be, by the works in my possession, that the pitch in Italy and Germany has never been so high as that of Sir Michael Costa. I may mention in this connection that my esteemed friend, Herr Joachim, plays on a different violin in Germany, with thicker strings. Here he brings one with thinner strings to suit the abnormal pitch. This one fact would be conclusive as to the continental usage in the eyes of unprejudiced enquirers.

3.—If an unreasonable pitch was persisted in to the eleventh hour, and a sudden change then carried out and disasters evoked at Birmingham, as your contributor alleges, I can surely in no sense be held responsible. The chief artistes at Drury Lane had previously forced a reasonable reduction of the pitch on Sir Michael Costa. If this reform had been steadily adhered to, there could have been no confusion and no disasters at Birmingham or elsewhere.

4.—I declare unequivocally, and for the twentieth time, that I only ask for the pitch of Donzelli, David, Duprez, and Nourrit. I most entirely concur with that great composer Mendelssohn that to transpose airs in oratorios is highly objectionable. I am convinced that Handel, Mendelssohn and all other masters felt the colour as it were of the keys they wrote and write in. Hence I am always unwilling to transpose; and that is just why I wish to secure the normal pitch, which will render transposing unnecessary.

5.—With respect to those great artistes, Madame Patti and Madame Nilsson, it is wholly unnecessary for me to vindicate their course of action, and I cannot but express my surprise at the liberty of comment which your musical critic has allowed himself, with regard to the latter artiste more especially. Unpleasant personalities are surely out of place in the discussion of public interests, where private likes and dislikes should be wholly set aside. I need only further observe that the pitch at Hereford was tuned to

that, accepted now both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

I have no delusion on the subject of pitch; uniformity is doubtless most desirable, but it must not be uniformity in that which is abnormal and extraordinary. The pertinacity of my old friend, Sir Michael Costa, has alone so long retarded this essential reform, which, however, may now be said to have carried the day finally. To the very personal concluding remarks of your contributor I have only to reply, that I am quite willing to accept his assurance of good will, and to recognize his past assertions, that I necessarily am the chief loser by my inability at times to fulfil my engagements, whether to directors or to the public. Nobody can regret, need I say, as deeply as I do, the practical extinction of voice from which I sometimes suffer; the kind and art-loving public will understand, I am sure, that I have made great pecuniary sacrifices, because I did not like to take pay for services which I could not discharge so as to do justice to the music I was

called upon to perform. Personal explanations are always painful things; to me, I may say, peculiarly so. It is certain I never disappoint the public without being far more grievously disappointed myself; but our frequent changes of temperature are most trying, and no care or caution can guarantee me against occasional attacks which prohibit me for a season to leave the house, and yield my public services to that art, which it is the highest ambition of my soul to forward by all the legitimate means within my reach.

J. SIMS REEVES.

This question of pitch brings me naturally enough to the Handel Festival of 1877, at which I, for the reasons set forth in the above letters, declined to sing.

At the festivals of 1857 and 1859 and following until 1877 my singing in music, which no Italian tenor could at any time have made in like manner his own, had always been looked forward to with no small interest.

In 1877 the performances were, as

usual, conducted by Sir Michael Costa, who insisted on maintaining the abnormally high pitch to which I had so often expressed objection, and to which I had finally resolved not to conform. It was at the festival of 1877, that Mdlle. Albani sang for the first time in sacred music; and in noticing this event, the *Pall Mall Gazette* passed from what it called the "positive novelty," of the festival to its "negative novelty" "If the appearance of Mdlle. Albani in oratorio," said this journal, "was the greatest positive novelty in yesterday's performance, there was a novelty also of a negative kind, which cannot be passed over. Mr. Sims Reeves, our greatest singer, and one who is especially great in sacred music, was not among the artistes engaged; though in justice to the directors of the festival, it must be added that he was one of the first to whom an engagement was offered. That terrible question of 'pitch,' which has caused so much annoyance, and which might so easily be settled by our conforming in England, as in all the principal

continental countries, to the 'normal diapason' of France, is understood to have been connected with Mr. Sims Reeves' unwillingness to sing. To replace the first of living tenors was rather a formidable undertaking."

"In recording the close of this year's festival," wrote the *Daily News* critic on the same occasion, "it is impossible to avoid expressing a feeling of regret (such as must widely have been experienced) at the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose co-operation has been so important a feature at each of the previous celebrations. No single individual has so especially identified himself with the tenor solo music of Handel; which heretofore was probably never—and perhaps hereafter may never again be—so finely rendered as by him. His transcendent merits as an exponent of the pathos, dignity, and declamatory grandeur, intended by the composer (but so rarely realised by the interpreter), will long live in the memory of the appreciative section, now a large majority, of the musical public. These remarks

imply no disparagement of other excellent English tenors, who have obtained deserved eminence as Handelian singers. They themselves would be the first to admit the supremacy which has long been maintained by Mr. Reeves."

Many as have been my successes in Italian Opera and Oratorio, I never achieved a greater triumph than that which I obtained at the end of 1878 and the beginning of 1879 at Covent Garden, in the "Beggar's Opera," the "Waterman," and other English works of the same class. "On the occasion of playing *Captain Macheath* in the 'Beggar's Opera,' the house," wrote *Punch*, "was literally crammed from floor to ceiling by an audience, whose enthusiastic temperature increased in a graduated thermometrical scale, the over-boiling point being reached at the back row of the upper gallery; and this on a night when, in the stalls and boxes, wrappers, fur-mantles, and ulsters, were *de rigueur* on account of *de rigour* of the cold, and when the Messrs. Gatti might have made a considerable addition to

their good fortune by sending round the attendants with a supply of footwarmers, hot toddy, and mulled claret, and other popular drinks at cheap prices. There he was bright and gay as ever, our *tenner* still unchanged, and equal to any number of the most valuable notes.

“*En passant*, the public has an idea, that Mr. Sims Reeves is ‘a bird who can sing,’ and often capriciously ‘won’t sing.’ Some even go so far as to ask, ‘Can’t he be made to sing?’ No one wishes more sincerely than himself that on the occasion, when he is forced to refuse, he *could* be ‘made to sing.’ It is no pleasure to any man to lose money by being compelled to cancel an engagement which is entered into on the play and pay principle; and it cannot but be an unspeakable, or in his case unsingable disappointment to thousands who ‘hang on his lips.’ It is no more a pleasure for a distinguished tenor to be laid up with a bad throat, than for a one-legged dancer, *à la* Donato, to be prostrated by the gout in his one solitary foot.

“Let those who do not believe in a ‘comic tenor,’ see Sims Reeves as *Capt. Macheath*, and they will then discover what magic there is even in a refrain of ‘tol de rol, lol de rol, loddy,’ when given by a tenor who is not impressed by the absurd traditional nation, that he is nothing if not sentimental.”

“His acting of the celebrated song, ‘How happy would I be with either,’ is full of humour, and his change of manner from ‘tol de rol’ in a tender tone, when addressed to the gentle confiding *Polly*, to ‘tol de rol’ with a true cockney chick-a-leary twang, when addressed to the vulgar *Lucy Lockitt*, is a clever idea, most artistically carried out; and then his dance up the stage while singing, giving his last note good and true to the end in spite of this unaccustomed exertion, as with a jump he seats himself in a natural, devil-may-care style on the table, was followed by an *encore*, so momentous, that even he, the *anti-encorist*, was fain to comply with the enthusiastic demand; so he repeated the two verses, the dance,

and the jump, with as much freshness and vigour as though he had not already sung six songs—snatches more or less it is true—and had got ten more to follow, with ‘Here’s to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen,’ and a dance by way of *finale*.”

Of the numerous tenors who have lately appeared at our two opera houses, there is not one, whom the public would go specially to hear, as they go to hear the *prima donnas*, and as they went formerly to hear Signor Mario. Nor, indeed, has any really attractive tenor introduced himself to the world since the retirement of Signor Mario.

It is only necessary to glance at no matter what history of the opera, to see that for one favourite baritone, for two or three favourite tenors, there have been half a dozen favourite *prima donnas*. At one time and another a great deal of enthusiasm has been called forth by the singing of tenors; though tenors have never, perhaps, attained the supreme honour of causing such bitter animosities, such deadly feuds, as those which raged

in England between the partisans of Faustina and of Cuzzoni; in France between the "Maratistes," or enthusiastic admirers of Madame Mara, and the "Todistes," or fanatical devotees of Mdle. Todi. Even now the comparative merits of Patti and Albani, of Gerster and Nilsson, in the same parts, are discussed very much more warmly than those of Nicolini and Campanini, of Gayarre and de Reszké. But that proceeds from the fact, that of great tenors just now there is an absolute dearth. There has been for some time past a decided fall in tenors; not that there is no demand for the article, but because the demand, which really exists, cannot be supplied. For in art, the great principle which rules in commerce does not hold good. On the contrary, instead of the demand creating the supply, it is the supply which creates, or at least stimulates the demand. Quotations for first-rate *prima donnas* were never so high as they are now; yet never before were *prima donnas* so numerous. No one, on the other hand, goes to the

Italian Opera to hear a tenor; simply because there are none there of the highest distinction to hear. The Italian tenor is to the Italian *prima donna* just now much what, in the days of the ballet, the principal male dancer was to the *prima ballerina*.

Much has been written about the high prices paid in the present day to leading tenors.

Signor Tamagno, of the Scala Theatre, Milan, has been engaged by the *impresario* Ferrari for a sum of 700,000 fr. (£28,000), to make fifty appearances in the character of Otello in Verdi's new opera, being at the rate of 14,000 fr. (£560) for each appearance. The contract is for an operatic tour in South America, and the rate of remuneration is said to be the highest on record.

Formerly, it is true, singers gained smaller salaries; but they led easier lives, enjoyed longer careers, and had fewer expenses. When a tenor of the ultra-robust school has to shout *John of Leyden's* "Morning Hymn" at the top of his voice,

and to yell *Manrico's* "Song of War" at the risk of ruining his upper notes, he surely deserves to be better paid (not that the performance is more difficult, but because it is more dangerous) than if he had only to warble the airs of *Cimarosa* and *Rossini*. Singing the music of *Meyerbeer* and *Verdi*, he knows that his notes, if not his days, are numbered, and charges accordingly.

Then think how every tenor, who wishes at all times to do his best, must regulate his life, must protect his valuable throat against all possible and impossible draughts. He eats in the most sparing manner, when all London sets him down as a glutton; drinks nothing but claret and water, when by universal consent he is a flaming, fiery drunkard. *You* get your feet wet, are hoarse, and are well the next day. The more delicate, more susceptible tenor gets his feet wet, is hoarse, and is *not* well the next day; and so long as he is unable to sing, not only loses his money — if he happens to be a concert singer — but is usually

regarded as an impostor, because he frankly and conscientiously declines to torture the ears of a public, which he has been in the habit of delighting. Tenors have their faults like other men. But they can scarcely, with any fairness, be accused of irregular habits. There is no profession, indeed, which demands such absolute regularity of life, such punctuality in the performance of duties, as that of an actor, and above all, of a singer; who, besides his general health, has his voice — often a very delicate one — to think of. Indeed, the care the tenor takes of himself, amounts in many cases to fastidiousness.

The Italian tenor, like tenors in general, is scarcely ever irregular in the ordinary English sense of the word, but he is often superstitious; believes, for instance, in good and bad days, in lucky and unlucky numbers. Signor Mario had once been asked to sing at a private house — a sort of thing which never pleased him much, and which was particularly distasteful to him on this occasion, because he was not

personally acquainted with the hostess. A very distinguished composer, however, had promised to bring him, and one Thursday evening, after a performance at the Royal Italian Opera, called at the theatre to take him to Belgrave Square, where the party was to be given. It was already nearly midnight, and such a long line of carriages blocked the way to the house, that before the vehicle, which contained Mario, could get to the door, twelve o'clock had struck. The eminent but superstitious tenor was much disconcerted when it occurred to him that it was now Friday, and that on this day of ill omen he was about to sing for the first time at a place entirely new to him. When the carriage arrived in front of the house, and he saw that the number on the door was 13, distrust became fear, and he absolutely refused to sing at No. 13 on a Friday. This "double event" would have been too much for him; and after the distinguished composer had argued with him for some five or six minutes, the tenor pronounced the magic word

“home,” and was driven to his own house. The distinguished composer was in despair at having failed to get Signor Mario to the party. He told the hostess precisely what had occurred; but, far from believing the story, the lady replied, that it was very kind of the composer to make so ingenious an excuse for his friend, but that she knew precisely what had happened. Signor Mario, she said, had arrived in a state of total intoxication, and the composer, after arguing with him for ten minutes, and endeavouring to persuade him not to show himself in so disgraceful a condition, had at last succeeded in inducing him to go home.

When he is on his travels, especially in our capricious, changeable climate, the tenor does really incur risks; and the care these delicate-voiced singers are obliged to take of their valuable throats is something incredible to those who have not witnessed it. There are some tenors who seem to keep themselves constantly enveloped, as if in cotton-wool; and I have known more than one who would

not start even on the shortest journey, but he must take with him a collection of scarves, wrappers, and other bandages.

Notwithstanding some drawbacks, the position of a tenor is, all the same, a fine one; and if the great tenors are disappearing, it cannot be said that such enthusiasm, as they were wont to excite, is now called forth by baritones or basses. Of late years, as I have had occasion to remark elsewhere, not one of the numerous Italian tenors, who have appeared since the retirement of Signor Mario, has made sufficient mark to cause enquiries as to his whereabouts during the eight autumn and winter months, which in the eyes of operatic habitués constitute the dull period of the year. . . . From a long list of basses—serious and comic—many good names could, no doubt, be cited; but not one would carry with it anything like the weight, which was once attached to the illustrious name of Lablache. It may be said that Lablaches, Tamburinis, Marios, and Rubinis, are not all to be expected at the same time. But it is a

fact that those very artistes, each in his own walk a type of excellence, did for many years form part of the same company; that in those days operatic troupes did not owe whatever importance, they might possess, to the *prima donna* alone; in a word, that operas were represented with more completeness — at least as regards vocalisation — than can be secured for them now. Our orchestral resources have greatly increased during the past five and twenty or thirty years; and it would be impossible in the present day to assume, as in the year 1846, when the great secession from Her Majesty's Theatre took place, that only one operatic band of fine quality could be maintained in London. It is undeniable, too, that operatic vocalists abound, and that their numbers, counting only those of more than average merit, are constantly increasing. Yet, if all Mr. Harris's and all Mr. Mapleson's singers were put together, it would be impossible to select from among them such a quartet as that, for which Bellini composed "*Il Puritani*"

(Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache), or that almost identical one (with Mario in the place of Rubini), for which, some years later, Donizetti composed "Don Pasquale." Lablache is one of the striking figures in modern operatic history; and his *Don Pasquale*, his *Bartolo* in the "Barber of Seville," his *Leporello* in "Don Giovanni," made a lasting impression on those, who saw and heard him in those parts. As for Tamburini, is it not written in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre, that a violent demonstration was once made by the aristocratic habitués of the establishment, because, at the beginning of the season, when it was held that Tamburini should have been engaged, Coletti was substituted? We have Mr. Carlyle's authority for saying, that Signor Coletti was a very superior person; though it appeared to this strange and not too sympathetic critic, that the baritone he chanced to hear on the occasion of his first and last visit to the opera, would have done well to adopt some profession more useful to the world,

than that of a dramatic vocalist. In any case, Signor Coletti was a singer of considerable reputation, which did not prevent his being held of no importance whatever, compared with the admired Tamburini. The remarkable thing, however, in the matter is, not that one of two baritones should have been thought better than the other, but that the question of their respective merits should have been thought worth quarrelling about. Yet the Tamburini-Coletti disturbance attracted the attention of all London, and was thought sufficiently important to be made the subject of an "Ingoldsby Legend."

If, in spite of the increased favour with which opera is generally regarded, we possess few eminent basses, and can name no baritones, whose conflicting claims to supremacy would be likely to cause popular commotion, the case of the tenors is still more deplorable. Once the spoilt children of the Italian lyric drama, these unhappy vocalists are now of no account whatever. Their chief

airs, their final scenes, are either omitted by the conductor, or, worse still, are neglected by the public. When, as they frequently do, commit suicide on the stage, they die, if not in silence, at least in solitude. There was a time when playgoers would no more have quitted a representation of "Lucia," without waiting for the dying strains of the hero, than it would now take its departure before the delirium of the heroine has set in. At present the moonlit cemetery has hardly been "discovered," the four horns have only just had time to prove their inability to play the few bars assigned to them, when the majority of the audience arise to depart, and long before *Edgardo* expires, that vacuum has been created in the audience department, which nature and tenors equally abhor. If *Gennaro's* self-inflicted death is still witnessed by an unwilling, or at least an unenthusiastic public, it must be remembered that in this instance the tenor scene is followed by a scene for the *prima donna*, and the *prima donna* is not

only as great a favourite as ever, but is often the only member of an operatic cast, to whom every sort of favour is shown. For her exclusively is reserved the admiration which was formerly shared by the *prima donna*, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass.

In these matters there is no dictating to the public; but, whatever the fact may signify, a fact it is, that whereas Madame Patti, Madame Nilsson, Madame Albani, and Madame Gerster are sought for in all countries, and travel in the character of stars to the most distant lands, none in any part of the world seem to care much for the voice of any tenor, baritone, or bass now on the Italian operatic stage. Thus the *prima donna* is assuming more and more every day the position which, immediately before the decline and fall of the ballet, was held in a sister art (though doubtless an inferior one) by the *première danseuse*. Tenor, baritone, and bass are still desirable and almost necessary, though perhaps not absolutely indispensable, for her complete success. But she

— her singing, her acting, and in some measure her personal appearance—seems to be accepted as the chief end and object of operatic performances; and insensibly the delusion is gaining ground, that instead of the *prima donna* having been educated to sing in operas, operas have been composed for *prima donnas* to sing in.

In taking a temporary leave of the reader I refer with pleasure to the appendix attached hereto.

Temporary I say, for whatever I may yet do in the domain of song, I purpose during the Jubilee year of my professional career as a vocalist — 1889 — to enlarge these reminiscences with, I hope, increased interest to my friends.





APPENDIX.

MR. SIMS REEVES' FIRST VISIT TO ABERDEEN.

From the Aberdeen Journal.

Returning thanks the other night to a crowded audience in Edinburgh Theatre Royal, for many favours, past and present, Mr. J. L. Toole, the popular actor, referred to the circumstance that, like Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Henry Irving, he had at a very early period of his career sought professional honours in the Scottish metropolis, and that the weekly salaries of the three friends in the respective years of their novitiate might be thus put down: — the Singer, 30s;

the Comedian, 40s; the Tragedian, 50s. each per week. "Of course," added Mr. Toole, amid much laughter, "we get more now." No doubt of it, and the reminiscence is a pleasant one; not more agreeable or interesting, however, than the recollection of the night upon which the great English tenor, who is to bid us farewell this evening in the Music Hall, sang his first song in Aberdeen. He has been here frequently since then, and some of us have heard him over and over again on very notable occasions in oratorio, opera, and concert-room; but none of these after-appearances can efface the "bloom of youth" feeling and freshness which hang around the 25th September, 1843. Just to a day, you see, reader, thirty-eight years bygone; and that day, this day, Monday. Here is the date, with outline of the entertainment by printed bill of the day: —

ABERDEEN THEATRE ROYAL.

Mr. Lloyd, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, begs most respectfully to inform the nobility, gentry, and the public of Aberdeen and vicinity that, having

entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of the above theatre, he will have the honour of opening it for TWO NIGHTS ONLY, on which occasion the following ladies and gentlemen will appear: —

Mr. JOHN REEVES.

Of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; and the Nobilities' Concerts, London; and Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

His first appearance here.

Mr. Sam Cowell, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Lloyd, Miss Clara Lee, and Mrs. Leigh, all of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and first appearance here.

On Monday Evening, 25th September, 1843, the Performances will commence with

THE TWO GREGORIES.

Mr. Gregory with Song of "The Cork Leg" Mr. S. Cowell.
 Gregory . . with Song of "Cock Robin" . . Mr. Lloyd.
 John Bull . with Song of "The Thorn" Mr. J. Reeves.
 La France Mr. Leigh.
 Mrs. Gregory Miss C. Lee | Fanchette . . Mrs. Leigh.

CONCERT.

Ballad "My Pretty Jane," . . . Mr. Reeves.
 Comic Song . . "The Country Fair," . . . Mr. Lloyd.
 Ballad "Lovely Night," . . . Mrs. Leigh.
 Song "Jenny Jones," . . . Mr. Leigh.
 Comic Song . . . "Lord Lovel," . . . Mr. S. Cowell.
 Ballad . . "I wish that Young Fellow," . . Mrs. Leigh.

Nautical Scena . . "The White Squall," . . Mr. Reeves.
Comic Song "Billy Barlow," . . . Mr. Cowell.
To conclude with the farce of "The Young Widow."
Boxes, 2s.; Pit 1s.; Gallery, 6d. — No second price.

Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.

The introductory part of the bill, it will be observed, is quite in the style of Sam Gerridge of "Caste," and bears the then current true trade circular ring about it. As will be readily surmised, the ladies and gentlemen named constituted a portion of the stock company of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, then under famous Manager Murray; but that house being temporarily closed, our visitors were doing a little bit of country strolling-player business on their own account. While undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd was the best known of the party — his rare talent as a low comedian having early won him much popularity — the other names were all more or less familiar, and the advent of the "Edinburgh stars" was looked forward to with considerable interest. All the more was this the case from Aberdeen having seen

nothing to speak of in the dramatic way for many months. Our theatre had no lessee then, and it will be noticed that the Lloyd arrangement was made with the proprietors.

Well, the 25th September came, and a goodly audience assembled in the "Old House in Marischal Street," eager for the entertainment — the majority of those present being, we may say, musically inclined — the concert portion of the programme promising, of course, special delights to that body. When, however, a quarter to eight o'clock arrived and nothing in the shape or sound of an orchestra put in an appearance, a whisper began to pass along that something or somebody was out of joint. Then, at eight o'clock, with no response to the sharp call for "Fiddlers, fiddlers," the doubtful whisper grew into an ominous gallery growl; and this again, some ten minutes after, into bad humour, with significant noises. Suddenly the prompter's bell was heard, and immediate silence following, Mr. Lloyd stepped in

front with a bill in his hand, and apologetic gravity — of a kind — concentrated all over one side of his expressive face. In two or three sentences he explained that, through order of the magistrates, the fact had been pointed out to him that, by a clause in the recently passed Act for the regulation of public entertainments, it was impossible for the company to enter upon the dramatic portion of the entertainment. In short, they had no licence for representing stage plays; but, continued in effect Mr. Lloyd — it so happens that we are pretty strong in vocal talent, and if you will kindly stay and accept our services in that line, we shall do our very best to make you happy here, and send you home satisfied. Warm applause followed the well-put words; everybody remained, and, of a verity, the speaker and his companions kept leal faith with their audience. Up went the curtain; a piano was drawn well down to the footlights, and, with a bow, a keen-faced, dark-haired handsome young man took his

place thereat. This was Mr. John Reeves. And what a night of mirth and music followed! For two swift hours the old house rang with such mingled applause and laughter as few present had ever heard or helped in before. Audience and artistes soon got into admiringly familiar terms, and in this frame of mind they continued to the close. It is not easy now to remember all that was embraced in the concert, but at least a dozen songs, ballads, and glees, with encores *ad lib.*, were given in addition to what is noted above. It was the halcyon period of hope and strength with the performers. The gentlemen were just budding into general favour, and they afterwards all attained much celebrity in their respective lines of professional life. Mr. (now old) Lloyd held the first place for years both in Edinburgh and Glasgow as a low comedian of rare humour and capacity; Mr. Sam Cowell's name became a household word amongst all who could enjoy clever comic singing; Mr. Leigh became, as Leigh Murray, the ablest walking

gentleman the London stage could boast — though sadly and regretfully he threw away his proud position. Regarding the career of Mr. Sims Reeves, little requires to be said. His fame is known to every intelligent lover of song in, we may say, all English-speaking lands. In the year of his first visit to Aberdeen he had just reached manhood, and his voice was of singular beauty, fine compass, and great power. He had not of course acquired the intensity of touching expression, the finished artistic management of tone, with that perfect method of phrasing that time and study brought in such rich measure; but, as already said, there was a charm, a feeling of freshness about his singing in now distant 1843, which no after efforts have effaced. Mr. Reeves did a right good night's work on that 25th September. Over and above contributing five or six songs (including, we specially remember, "The Flower of Ellerslie" — a lovely bit of music, now seldom heard), he presided throughout at the piano, accompanying Lloyd

and Cowell in all their comic ditties, and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh in the ballads. Perhaps one of the most amusing incidents of the evening was the rendering of Dr. Calcott's glee "The Red Cross Knight," in which Cowell apparently took the bass, the left hand, however, of the pianist providing the profounder notes, his voice meanwhile ringing out clarion clear in the highset leading melody.

Altogether, then, the first evening of Mr. Sims Reeves in Aberdeen was a musical event to be cherished, and it is pleasant to anticipate that his last appearance will be worthy of profitable remembrance. Charles Lamb, in writing of a favourite performer of his day, who had been before the public for many years, turned a graceful sentence by referring to "a voice unstrung by age." There is, no doubt, a long, distinct span between 1843 and 1881, yet we fancy it will be found that the genial remark of the gentle Elia applies with surprising force to Mr. Sims Reeves,

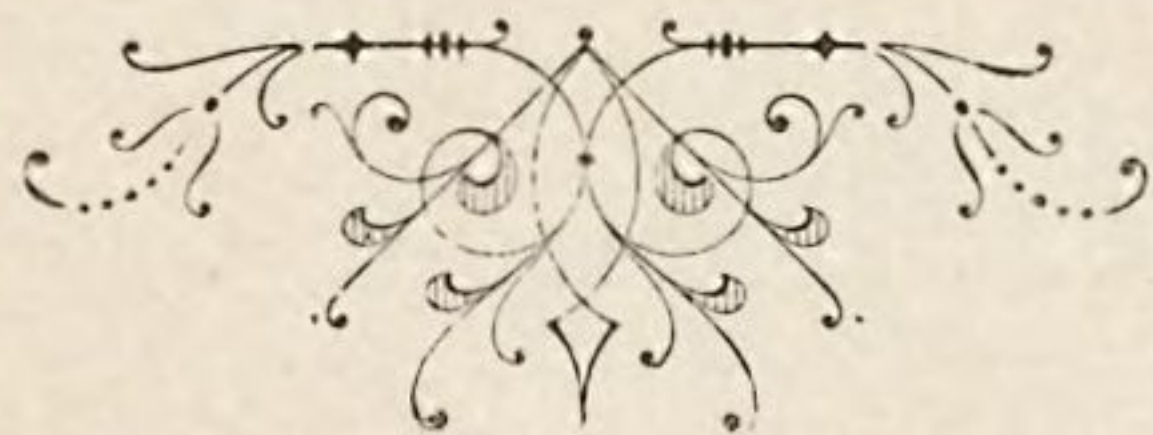
should he to-night sing the choice ballad of his early days — Sir Henry Bishop's always charming and ever chaste "Pretty Jane."

*From Schœlcher's "Life of Handel," 1857, in the
"Edinburgh Review," vol. 106, page 249.*

N.B. — Let it be honourably commemorated, however, that English artists have seldom, if ever, been heard to sing with so much of the loftiness and inspiration that the "Messiah," and "Israel," and "Judas," demand, as at Sydenham. They were with small exceptions so wrought on by the magnificence of the scene, as to rise far nearer to the point indicated than they ever rose before; and one in particular (Mr. Sims Reeves), has written his name beneath that of Handel in the golden book of musical renown, to be read a hundred years hence, when new singers arise and new celebrations are projected.

I feel under many obligations to Lady Pollock and to Mr. Sutherland Edwards for their biographical notices of me, from which my memory has derived abundant help in this work. With this acknowledgment I say to my readers

Au Revoir.



Printed by C. G. Röder, Leipzig.

CATALOGUE

OF

Popular Vocal and Instrumental Works.

NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

By Favourite Composers.

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
A Birthday Wish	Arthur W. Gilling	Arthur W. Gilling	4	0
A cheer for Victoria	Tom Prestridge.....	Tom Richards	4	0
A Day Dream of the Heart. No. 1 in C, No. 2 in E $\flat$...	H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone..	Ernest Bergholt	4	0
A Ditty.....	Sir Philip Sidney....	J. Cliffe Forrester	3	0
A Drinking Song	Barry Cornwall....	W. W. Hedgcock	4	0
A Gift.....	G. F. H.....	C. M. Florence	4	0
A Love Game	Tom Heaton	Tom Heaton	4	0
A Proverb Song (<i>The Rivals</i>)	W. West.....	W. West	4	0
A Rose and a Ring	Harry H. Greenbank..	Harry H. Greenbank	4	0
A Song of the Twilight ..	David R. Williamson..	Robert MacHardy	4	0
A Sprig of Jasmine	B. W. Webber..	Wm. Crooks Paton	4	0
A Story of the Sea	Edith F. Prideaux	Edith F. Prideaux	4	0
A Summer Idyll (<i>Mistaken</i>)	J. E. German	J. E. German	4	0
A Toast (<i>Silver Wedding</i>).....	Tom Hood.....	Orbel Hinchliff	4	0
A year ago.....	Hugh Conway.....	Mary W. Ford	4	0
Across the dark blue sea	Sydney Beresford....	Sydney Beresford	4	0
Adieu (<i>Valse Song</i>)	Jeanne	Jeanne	4	0
After a while (<i>sung by Mr.</i> <i>Faulkner Leigh</i>)	G. Clifton Bingham	A. L. Mora	4	0
After long years	Guy Merton.....	Guy Merton	4	0
All Forgiven	Edward Oxenford....	Joseph Clarkson	4	0
All the world is bright (Op. 11, Book 1, <i>Polonaise</i>), in F and D	F. Dempster Sherman	Gerard F. Cobb, <i>net ea.</i>	2	0
Do. (Op. 11, Book 2, <i>Schottische</i>), in C and A	F. Dempster Sherman	Gerard F. Cobb, <i>net ea.</i>	2	0
Apart	Alton Rode....	William H. Hunt	4	0
Apple Blossoms	Henry Houseley	Henry Houseley	4	0
As fades the sunlight o'er me..	Mrs. R. H. Maude....	Mrs. R. H. Maude	4	0
At Last	Margaret Elenora Tupper..	Frederick J. Karn	4	0
At the Beechen Tree	W. Wilsey Martin.....	Edith Cooke	4	0
An Autumn Song	Arthur Platt	Gerard F. Cobb	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Annabel Lee	Edgar Allen Poe	F. St. John Lacy	0	4
<i>(Tenor, Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra.)</i>				
As of old	A. St. John Adcock..	Robert W. Pearse	4	0
Autumn Winds	Osman.....	Arthur F. Nye	4	0
Ave Maria (<i>Tenor Solo</i>)	Egbert Roberts, <i>net</i>		1	6
Ave Maria (<i>with Violin obbligato</i>).....	Lady Felice		4	0
Ave Maria, with Violoncello <i>obbligato</i>	Walter Mackway		4	0
Ave Verum. <i>For Alto or Bass, with Flute or</i> <i>Violin obbligato</i>)	Robert MacHardy		4	0
Away to the East	Arthur L. Salmon....	Arthur L. Salmon	4	0
Beautiful Land	Harris Alleyne.....	Harris Alleyne	4	0
Beside a silver sea	Sylvia	Charles Deacon	4	0
Beside the Sea	Natalie		4	0
Better not to know..	Words from "Home Life in Song"			
	William H. Hunt		4	0
Beware, No. 1 in F, No. 2 in D ..	Longfellow	G. B. Allen	4	0
Beyond the Sea	W. S. Holding....	Marie Trannack	4	0
Blowhard's Brass Band. <i>Humorous Song</i>				
	Frank Amos	G. D. Fox	4	0
Blue bells in the shade	Eliza Cook..	Albert E. Daniell, A.C.O.	4	0
Boat Song, with Violin or Flute <i>obbligato</i>				
	Robert MacHardy ..	Robert MacHardy	4	0
Bonnie Lassie ..	Robert Allan....	Arthur C. Haden	4	0
Bubbles	G. F. Allen.....	Lady Borton	4	0
By Hook or by Crook	Edward Oxenford.....	J. E. Webster	4	0
C'est mon ami.....	Walter Spinney....	Edward Rubini	4	0
Charlie is my Darling		G. Stanhope	4	0
Childhood Vows	Robert E. Gaye	Robert E. Gaye	4	0
Christmas. (<i>A pretty witty Ditty</i>)..	Written and sung by Lester Barrett	T. A. Barrett	4	0
Come away, come away, Death ..	Shakespeare..	G. R. Vicars, B.A.	4	0
Come back	Kate B. Hearder....	Kate B. Hearder	4	0
Come back.....	C. Marston Haddock..	Geo. Percy Haddock, <i>net</i>	2	0
Come forth, O Queen (<i>Serenade</i>)	Alfred F. Tindall		4	0
Come unto Me (<i>Sacred Song</i>)..	Fred. A. Packer	Fred. A. Packer	4	0
Constancy	Fred. A. Packer	Fred. A. Packer	4	0
Constancy	Thomas Hood....	W. A. Jefferson	3	0
Coyest Maid	H. C. Hiller.....	H. C. Hiller	4	0
Cushla Machree (<i>"Pulse of my heart"</i>), with Chorus for 4 voices	Jno. Taylor		4	0
Days that are to come	Cremona		4	0
Dear, do not forget	Rhoda K. Forbes....	Rhoda K. Forbes	4	0
Dear harp of my country	T. Moore		2	0
Devotion	R. Browning....	J. Cliffe Forrester	3	0
Distant Voices (<i>with obbligato for Violin, Flute,</i> <i>or 'Cello ad lib.</i>)	Constance Beresford	H. E. Warner	4	0
Down Channel	Claxson Bellamy....	S. Claude Ridley	4	0
Dreaming (<i>Serenade</i>).....	James Wilkie.....	W. Mitchell	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Drifting	V. L. D. Broughton ..	Rhoda Broughton	4	0
Eden's Last Sunset.....	E. S. G. S.....	Hilda Waller	4	0
Effie Deans, No. 1 in D, No. 2 in F	Cotsford Dick	Cotsford Dick	4	0
England	J. G. L. Bryan.....	Lewis Conway	4	0
England, Church and State (<i>Patriotic Song</i>)	Vere Mannering		4	0
Evensong	George Ernest Lake		4	0
Evening	T. Baker.....	Cremona	4	0
Fair as the Dawn.....	H. Mar.....	S. Emily Oldham	4	0
Farewell, dear Love	Mrs. Henderson.....	Frank Austin	4	0
Farewell.....	Fred. A. Packer	Fred. A. Packer	4	0
Fealty	Charles Bullough..	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	0
Fidelis	Adelaide Procter..	Mrs. Sheffield Neave	4	0
Firelight Dreams	Edith Gordon Bartlett	Edith Gordon Bartlett	4	0
Five Songs.....	R. Sealy Genge, <i>net</i>		2	6
Five Songs for Baritone	Walter Frere		2	6
Fleurs D'Été.....	Gen. Fullerton Carnegie		4	0
Fond Remembrance	S. Phillips Day.....	D. Saunders	4	0
Forget me not	Fred. A. Packer	Fred. A. Packer	4	0
Forgetnot, I am thine..	Rev. Jocelyn Johnston..	T. Osborn Marks, Mus.D.	4	0
For sake of thee, No. 1 in B $\flat$, No. 2 in D	G. Clifton Bingham....	Everard Hulton	4	0
Forsaken	Clara Fitzgerald....	Edgar Musgrave	4	0
Four Songs (Album of) ..	Arthur Hugh Clough	Alan Gray, <i>net</i>	2	6
Genevieve	Samuel Taylor Coleridge.....	Geo. F. Grover	4	0
Give one thought to me	Staniland..	Henry Stevens Baird	4	0
Golden Youth (<i>sung by Sims Reeves</i>) George Ernest Lake..	George Ernest Lake..	George Ernest Lake	4	0
Gone	Stansby..	Frederick J. Karn	4	0
Good Bye (<i>Illustrated</i>). No. 1 in F, No. 2 in A $\flat$..	Walter Shepherd....	Walter Shepherd	4	0
Gordon's Adieu, No. 1 in C, No. 2 in A $\flat$	Major W. B. Lumley..	Major W.B. Lumley	4	0
Great Grandfather ..	C. Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A.....	Marie de Corelli	4	0
Happy yet.....	Sinclair Dunn....	Charlton T. Speer	4	0
Hark! the huntsman's echoing horn..	F. Austin.....	F. Austin	4	0
Hearts once loved	Edward Oxenford.....	Nina Leather	4	0
Heavenward	Catherine Rowland..	Catherine Rowland	4	0
Heavenward	A. Valdemar....	Henry G. Kemp	4	0
Her own way	M. E. W.	T. S. Wotton	4	0
Her Voice (<i>Ballad</i>)	Edward Oxenford....	S. Emily Oldham	4	0
He that will not, when he may..	F. E. Weatherly..	Arthur H. Watson	4	0
Hilda's Anchor	C. E. G. Waldmann		4	0
His Princess.. founded on a story by J. S. Winter.....	Isabel Giberne		4	0
Hohenlinden	Thomas Campbell....	Reg. J. Thompson	4	0
Hope	L. H. Clemens....	Theo. L. Clemens	4	0
How I love her	A. H. L.	Erskine Allon	4	0
I arise from dreams of thee	Shelley.....	W. Metcalfe	4	0
I dream of thee, No. 1 in F, No. 2 in E, No. 3 in D (<i>sung by Mr. Wm. Parkinson</i>)	Claxson Bellamy	J. E. Webster	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
I am a little milking maid (<i>Boddice Song from the Blue Lady of Mildenhall, Monthly Packet, 1880</i>)	James Baden Powell		4	0
If it be love	Charles Bullough..	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	0
I know you know	Henry G. Kemp....	Henry G. Kemp	3	0
I love you best	Edward Oxenford..	Geo. Percy Haddock	4	0
Ines	Thomas Hood....	W. A. Jefferson	3	0
Influence, No. 1 in D, No. 2 in F	Edward Carstensen..	Edward Carstensen	4	0
I once had a sweet little doll, dears	Rev. Charles Kingsley....	Mary Shillington	4	0
I saw from the beach	T. Moore		2	0
I saw thee weep	Bernhard M. Carrodus		4	0
I see thy face	Robert MacHardy ..	Robert MacHardy	4	0
I shot an arrow	Longfellow....	Beatrice Logan	4	0
I wandered by the Brook-side..	Lord Houghton..	Geo. W. F. Crowther	4	0
I watch o'er thee, with Violin <i>obbligato</i> (<i>dedicated by special permission to Mr. Sims Reeves</i>)	Edward Oxenford....	Joseph Spawforth	4	0
If I were a Queen	Whyte Melville..	Mrs. Sheffield Neave	4	0
I never loved but thee	Charles Millward..	George Staker, <i>net</i>	2	0
I await thee	A. F. Tindall.....	A. F. Tindall	4	0
If thou art sleeping, maiden	Longfellow.....	Edward Hake	4	0
Ilka blade o' grass	Ballantyne	James Baden Powell	4	0
I'll dream of love to night (<i>Vocal Waltz</i>) No. 1 in E $\flat$, No. 2 in C.	J. S. Lyons.....	W. F. Taylor	4	0
In the Garden	Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L.....	T. S. Wotton	4	0
In the hush of the gloaming (<i>with Pianoforte and Harmonium ad lib.</i>)	Arthur Chapman	E. R. Newton	4	0
In the dawning (<i>Tenor or Soprano</i>)	C. E. Kettle.....	C. E. Kettle	4	0
In an old arm chair	F. D. Herrick..	Williams Williams	4	0
In the Olden Time	Samuel K. Cowan, M.A.....	Joseph Ridgway	4	0
In the ranks of glory, No 1 in C, No. 2 in B $\flat$	Vincent Barwell.....	Harry Dancey	4	0
In vain	S. E. Eveleigh.....	S. E. Eveleigh	4	0
Incognita	Charles Rowe.....	Zuccardi	4	C
Inkerman (The Soldiers' Battle) Jno. A. Elliott..	John Arthur Elliott		4	0
It is but a memory	T. A. O... Lily H. E. Marchant		4	0
It is but for life	Charles Millward..	George Staker, <i>net</i>	2	0
It serves you right !	Edward Oxenford.....	A. L. Mora	4	0
It was a lover and his lass	Shakespeare.....	Ada MacEwen	4	0
It was the song my mother sang ..	Henry Fase.....	Henry Fase	4	0
Jack's Consolation (<i>Humorous Sea Song</i>)	Morton Elliott		4	0
Jack's Return	Henry G. Kemp....	Henry G. Kemp	3	0
Joy Stars	Claxson Bellamy.....	Stephen Kemp	4	0
Kalekairi	H. F. Wilson..	Claude Barton, <i>net</i>	2	0
King Goldemar	Sir Noel Paton....	C. Wells Ingram	4	0
Last night (<i>sung by Mdme Christine Nilsson</i>)	W. Nelson Gilmore..	Hon. Lady Murray	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Lady Gray	Robert MacHardy..	Robert MacHardy	4	0
Laughing Eyes	Ernst Wertheim....	Ernst Wertheim	4	0
Let Erin remember the days of old	T. Moore	T. Moore	2	0
Let me hold the helm....	H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone....	Ernest Bergholt	4	0
Life, in F (<i>sung by Mdme. Valeria</i>)	Ada S. Ballin....	Dr. Wm. Spark	4	0
Life, in G " " " " "	" " " " "	" " " " "	4	0
Logic	Charles J. Rowe....	Marcella C. Clark	4	0
Long, long thoughts	Longfellow.....	J. E. Gatliff	4	0
L'Organetto (<i>Italian Words</i>)	G. du Zuccardi	G. du Zuccardi	3	0
Lost (<i>The Little Tress of Gold</i>)	Fred. A. Packer	Fred. A. Packer	4	0
Love loves for ever..	J. D. E. Loveland..	John D. Errington Loveland	4	0
Love's Golden Dreams	Lindsay Lennox	Lindsay Lennox	4	0
Love's Serenade (<i>with 'Cello accomp.</i>)	Sir Walter Scott ..	Arthur Smith	4	0
Love shall never die	J. A. Chantler	J. A. Chantler	4	0
Love undying.....	F. D. Herrick..	Williams Williams	4	0
Love's Paradise	J. W. Wearne.....	J. A. Chantler	4	0
Love's Philosophy	Edith F. Prideaux	Edith F. Prideaux	4	0
Love's Pleading	Edward Oxenford....	Arthur C. Haden	4	0
Lovers' Fancies	Rev. T. H. Martyn..	Langdon Colborne	4	0
Love's Shadow	Charles J. Rowe	Alois Volkmer	4	0
Loving Memories	L. D.....	Alice Hearn	4	0
Loving Still	Edward Oxenford..	Joseph Spawforth	4	0
Loyal and True, In C & D ..	Robert Richardson, Esq...	Frank Swift	4	0
Lullaby, No. 1 in B♭, No. 2 in G♯ (<i>sung by Miss Mary Davies</i>)	G. Wither....	Vincent Morgan	4	0
Margery Mine	Ogilvie Mitchell	Arthur W. Creighton	4	0
Margery	R. R. C. Gregory..	Wentworth Bennett, <i>net</i>	2	0
Meeting of the Waters	T. Moore	T. Moore	2	0
Mem'ry's Dream (<i>with Chorus for four voices</i>)	Charles Millward..	George Staker, <i>net</i>	2	0
Mine alone (<i>Song</i>)	H. E. Warner	H. E. Warner	4	0
Mine and Thine	Mrs. Phillip Inglis Page..	Henry F. Schröder	4	0
Mistaken (<i>A Summer Idyll</i>) ..	J. E. German	J. E. German	4	0
Misunderstood	Fred. S. White.....	W. Langman	4	0
Mother, Oh sing me to rest	Mrs. Hemans	W. H. Harper	3	0
My Dermot	Miss A. L. Hildebrand..	G. Dixon, Mus. Doc.	4	0
My Father's Voice	Mrs. Foot.....	Frank Bradley	4	0
My gentle swallow	C. E. B...	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	0
My Prince's Love	Lady Felice, <i>net</i>	Lady Felice, <i>net</i>	2	0
My Ladye Barbara	W. E. Goodwins....	W. E. Goodwins	4	0
My lady sleeps	Longfellow	George J. L. Drysdale	4	0
My only love.....	Harrison Weir..	James Henry Lewis	4	0
My Sailor Lad	G. Hubi Newcombe..	G. Hubi Newcombe	4	0
Navy Blue	A. M. Lowe.....	Alfred Comben	3	0
Norah's Treasure.....	James Baden Powell	James Baden Powell	4	0
Not at all	Marmion.....	Ivan Range	4	0
Not in vain	Anon....	Isabel Gibberne	4	0
O come into the studio, my darling	Frank Lutyens.....	Frank Lutyens	4	0
O, copy me, pray copy me.	Words and music by two Primrose Leaguers	<i>net</i>	2	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
O ! give me back my heart. The words from the <i>Family Herald</i>	F. Scarsbrook		4	0
O smile again on me, No. 1 in D, No. 2 in E $\flat$	William Trend.....	W. H. Richmond	4	0
Oh ! my fair love	Mrs. Whitcombe.....	J. Cliffe Forrester	3	0
Oh what is the colour (<i>Humorous</i>)..	J. S. Lyons.....	W. F. Taylor	3	0
Oh, where's the slave so lowly	T. Moore		2	0
On the River	Eleonore.....	Edward Rubini	4	0
One Day of Roses, in D F $\sharp$ & G. (<i>sung by</i> <i>Mdme. Adelina Patti</i>) Philip Bourke Marston.....	Mary W. Ford		4	0
One with Thee	Alphæus Morrison.....	F. K. Hattersley	4	0
Only	Anon.....	B. J. Hancock	4	0
Only a Word	George Walmesley.....	A. O. Mansfield	4	0
Our Mate	G. W. Southey.....	Theo Bonheur	4	0
Our only Hope, No. 1 in A $\flat$, No. 2 in F	Oliver Brand..	P. von Tugginer	4	0
Our own Fireside	Miss M. Ritchie	Leonard Bradley	4	0
Our Sailors and our Ships.....	Eliza Cook.....	A. H. Fowler	4	0
Our Volunteers	Catherine Rowland..	Catherine Rowland	4	0
Over the sea (<i>Canzonet</i>)	H. Knight..	Jas. Baden Powell	4	0
Over the Stile	Frederic Wood.....	A. G. Pritchard	4	0
Parted	Fred. A. Packer	Fred. A. Packer	4	0
Parted Lives (<i>sung by Miss José</i> <i>Sherrington</i>)	Edward Oxenford.....	Joseph Spawforth	4	0
Parted though we be, dear Maiden.....	Frederick B. Needham.....	Leonard Barnes	4	0
Parting (" <i>The Kiss, dear Maid</i> ")	Ernest Crooke		4	0
Parting (" <i>Loved one, think of me</i> ")	James A. Taylor		4	0
Par un mauvais temps.....	Alfred D. Musset.....	Hannah Stallard	4	0
Peacefully she slumbers	Percy Lloyd.....	Devonia	4	0
Pledge me brim to brim	Edward Fitzball.....	Harry Dancey	4	0
Pretty Blue bell	Walter Egerton.....	W. F. Taylor	3	0
Pretty Nothings	F. W. Waithman	J. W. Dawson	4	0
Prithee, Maiden	Sydney Lever..	Amy Elise Horrocks	4	0
Ready	Frank W. Pratt..	S. Claude Ridley	4	0
Remember the glories of Brien the Brave	T. Moore		2	0
Requiescat (" <i>Strew on</i> <i>her Roses</i> ")	Matthew Arnold.....	J. M. Smieton	4	0
Reunion	W. B. Trives.....	W. B. Trives	4	0
Rich and rare were the gems she wore	T. Moore		2	0
Robin and Jenny	Robert MacHardy.....	R. MacHardy	4	0
Rescued	F. M. White..	C. Richard Duggan	4	0
Rest at Last	Rev. J. C. D. Fraser.....	Natalie	4	0
Saucy Jane (<i>Sung by Mr. Thurley</i> <i>Beale</i>).....	Walter Egerton.....	W. F. Taylor	4	0
Saving the Colours, No. 1 in B $\flat$, No. 2 in C	Michael Watson		4	0
Say thou art mine.....	Lewis Conway.....	Lewis Conway	4	0
Se m'ami t'amero (If thou lov'st me). Romance.....	A. Richard.....	Ed. Rubini	4	0
Serenade (<i>Dreaming</i>).....	James Wilkie	W. Mitchell	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Serenade, No. 1 in A $\flat$, No. 2 in F (<i>with Violin obbligato</i>)	B. V. Thomson	Erskine Allon	4	0
Seven times three	Jean Ingelow	Kate Mackintosh	4	0
Seven times four	Jean Ingelow	Kate Mackintosh	4	0
Shadow and Light	Charles R. Fisher	Charles R. Fisher	4	0
Silver Stars	Mary Gillington	Cecilia Launcelot	4	0
Six Songs	Words, 17th Century	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	6
Six Songs	Wyatt	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	6
Six Songs	Herrick	W. Frere, <i>net</i>	2	6
Six Songs	H. W. Longfellow	W. H. Bentley		
No. 1. Twilight			4	0
,, 2. Whither			4	0
,, 3. The slave singing at midnight			4	0
,, 4. It is not always May			4	0
,, 5. Christmas Bells			4	0
,, 6. Curfew			4	0
Six Songs, Op. 9	Caroline Radford	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	6
1. Evening		4. Aubade		
2. A Spring Song		5. Sweetheart		
3. Two Songs		6. Westleigh Bells		
Six Songs	Thomas Moore	Joseph S. Ward, <i>net</i>	3	0
Sixty years ago	May Traill	May Traill	4	0
Sleep, my darling (<i>Cradle song</i>), with Violoncello <i>obbligato</i>		Harry Dancey	4	0
Soldiers' Loyalty		Julius Borges	4	0
Soldiers' Wives	Claxson Bellamy	J. E. Webster	4	0
Some other time	H. D'Arcy Jaxone	Emma M. St. John	4	0
Somebody's waiting	C. Marston Haddock	Geo. Percy Haddock	4	0
Song of the Maid of Astolat	Desmond Ryan	Dr. C. S. Heap	4	0
Sound the loud trumpets	Rev. W. L. Smith	J. H. Caseley	4	0
Stay at home	Longfellow	James Price	4	0
Sunshine	F. E. Weatherly, M.A.	Berthold Tours	4	0
Sweet bird, answer me	John Carr	O. M. Morse Boycott	4	0
Sweet Brown Eyes	E. Kerr	Natalie	3	0
Sweethearts' Farewell	William Cowan	James Duff George	4	0
Sweethearts, Long ago (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Walter Shepherd	W. C. Levey	4	0
Sweet Sounds	F. E. Weatherly, M.A.	H. Stidolph	4	0
Sweet and low	Tennyson	C. Wells Ingram	4	0
Sweet is true love	Tennyson	Ernest Crooke	4	0
Take care, No. 1 in F, No. 2 in D		G. B. Allen	4	0
Take Care Boys	C. T. Longley	C. T. Longley	4	0
Tally Ho! (<i>Hunting song</i>)		Arthur H. Brown	4	0
Tatters (<i>a Vagrant's ditty</i>)	E. Oxenford	E. Veràno	4	0
Tell me why	Edward Oxenford	Sidney Dean	4	0
The Angel's Call	Charles Millward	George Staker, <i>net</i>	2	0
The Angel's Hand	M. H. Wigmore	M. H. Wigmore	4	0
The Answer	Sydney R. Thompson	Orsino Salari	4	0
The Armourer's Gift, No. 1 in B $\flat$, No. 2 in C, No. 3 in D		Odoardo Barri	4	0
The Bachelor (<i>Humorous</i>)	J. T. Parkins	J. T. Parkins	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
The Bachelor gay	S. J. Adair Fitzgerald	W. C. Levey	4	0
The Better Land	J. T. Burton Wollaston	J. G. Hancock	4	0
The Bird and the Rose	Robert S. Hichens.. Amy Elise Horrocks		4	0
The Boldhearted Manxman (<i>Illustrated</i>) . .	Frank Amos.. G. D. Fox		4	0
The broken strings of a mandoline	Edith Frances Prideaux . .	Edith F. Prideaux	4	0
The Buccaneer's Song	H. A. Acworth	T. S. Hamilton	4	0
The Cavalier	Constance Lacy	Stephen Kemp	4	0
The Cavalier's Whisper	Dr. Bennett	Frank Austin	4	0
The Child asleep	Longfellow	S. R. Philpot	4	0
The Crew of the Betsy Jane . .	Frank W. Pratt	S. Claude Ridley	4	0
The Cyclist's Song	Keith Mertyn.. Harold E. Stidolph		4	0
The Departure for Egypt (<i>descriptive song</i>)	Lavis Bryan	Lewis Conway	4	0
The Dirge (<i>The words (by permission) from "Cornish Ballads"</i>)	Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker.. Rev. F. Hawker Kingdon		4	0
The Double Knock	Thomas Hood	W. A. Jefferson	3	0
The Dream of Home	Thomas Moore	J. L. Gregory	4	0
The dying Veteran	G. W. Southey	Franz Leideritz	4	0
The empty Nest	F. E. Weatherly, M.A... Arthur H. Watson		4	0
The faded Rose, No. 1 in D, No. 2 in B $\flat$	Lindsay Lennox	Alois Volkmer	4	0
The Farewell	Lord Byron	Thos. Morton	4	0
The Ferryman's Fare	Edward Oxenford	Edward Rubini	4	0
The Fisher Girl's Song. J. T. Burton Wollaston		J. E. West	4	0
The Fishermid's Love Song, No. 1 in G, No. 2 in E	Godfrey Stanbridge	Kate Lloyd Jones	4	0
The Flight of Song	H. Heine	J. Cliffe Forrester	3	0
The Flower of the Heart	Dr. Wm. Spark		4	0
The Footballers' Song	W. H. Draycott		4	0
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder (<i>written by the late R. H. George Canning</i>) . .	Maj.-Gen. Fullerton Carnegie		4	0
The Gallant Rescue	Braham		4	0
The Gaoler	Claxson Bellamy.. Charles E. Tinney		4	0
The Gleam across the Bay	G. Du Zuccardi		4	0
The Golden Gate	Gertrude Frances Stuart	Lady Borton	4	0
The harp that once	T. Moore		2	0
The Heavenly Message, No. 1 in F, No. 2 in A $\flat$	A. D'Orsay	George Bates	4	0
The Huguenot	Lindsay Lennox	Alois Volkmer	4	0
The Inchcape Rock	Southey	J. Greenhill	4	0
The Italian Maiden's Song	Annie Shelton	Annie Shelton	4	0
The Keepsake	Mrs. A. F. Tindall.. Mrs. A. F. Tindall		3	0
The last Footfall	E. Jefferson		4	0
The last Message	Edward Oxenford	Henry R. Mark	4	0
The Last Rose of Summer	T. Moore		2	0
The Lawyer's Confession	Pullah Blackie	Pullah Blackie	4	0
The liberal Bachelor	Robert MacHardy.. Robert MacHardy		4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d</i>
The light of the morn is breaking . .	G. R. Blackbee . .	J. Harry Field	4	0
The Lily and the Rose	Cowper	Ed. Rubini	4	0
The Lost Ship	Thomas Hood	W. A. Jefferson	4	0
The Message of the Organ	Fenton Gray	Alice Hearn	4	0
The Minstrel Boy		T. Moore	2	0
The Miser	Claxson Bellamy	J. E. Webster	4	0
The Nightingale's Haunt	H. Mar	S. Emily Oldham	4	0
The Old House far away (<i>sung by Mdme. Antoinette Sterling</i>)	Ellen Forrester . .	Sir G. A. Macfarren	4	0
The Old Musician (<i>with Violoncello and Piano Accompaniment</i>) . .	Ernest A. Williams	G. Sutherland	4	0
The old Arbour	Edward Oxenford	D. B. Thomason	4	0
The old Smuggler	J. E. Webster	J. E. Webster	4	0
The Open Window	Longfellow . .	G. Dixon, Mus. Doc.	4	0
The Orangemen's National Song	Gabriel	Gabriel	4	0
The Piper's Song	W. Blake	J. Cliffe Forrester	3	0
The Privateer	Henry Esmond . .	Jno. F. McAlinden	4	0
The Queen's Jubilee Song		John Bull	4	0
The Reaper and the Flowers	Longfellow	W. H. Speer	4	0
The Rivals	Edward Oxenford	J. E. Webster	4	0
The Saucy May	Francis Amos	Morton Elliott	4	0
The Sea Shell	Bernard Barton	Charles R. Fisher	4	0
The School Board Prodigy (<i>Humorous Song</i>)	Henry E. Dudeney	Ernest Bergholt	4	0
The Shepherd Lady	Jean Ingelow	Kate Mackintosh	4	0
The shrine	T. H. Passmore	Bernard Johnson	4	0
The sleeping shepherdess of Glenfiddich	La Teste	J. M. Noa	4	0
The Soldier's Mother (<i>for mezzo sop. or contralto, with Clarionet obbligato</i>)	James Baden Powell . .	James Baden Powell	4	0
The Song of the Cyclist	Rae Banks	Harriet Kendall	4	0
The Song of the Mermaiden		E. Cuthbert Nunn	4	0
The Song of the Sunbeam	J. S. Lyons	W. F. Taylor	3	0
The Song of the Wayfarer	Lindsay Lennox	Morton Elliott	4	0
The Star of Hope	Hyde Parker	A. Bull	4	0
The Strolling Player	Edward Oxenford	Antonio L. Mora	4	0
The Sunshine of the Heart	C. R. Rowe	Anne Fricker	4	0
The valley lay smiling before me		T. Moore	2	0
The Tar's Toast		Lewis Conway	4	0
The Three little Words (<i>I love you</i>) (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Walter Shepherd	Walter Shepherd	4	0
The time of roses	Thomas Hood	Cecilia Launcelot	4	0
The Troubadour	Sir Walter Scott	J. Cliffe Forrester	4	0
The Two Angels		Frank Austin	4	0
The Vanquished Knight, No. 1 in A, No. 2 in G (<i>simplified accompt.</i>) . .	E. Oxenford . .	Charles J. Hargitt	4	0
The Voice of Music (<i>Mezzo-soprano</i>)	Mrs. Hemans	C. E. Kettle	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Vergebens (Unheeded) (<i>with Violin or Violoncello Accompaniment</i>)	Heine	Phœbe Otway	4	0
Victoria	S. Clifton Bingham	Alice Hearn	4	0
Victoria. Jubilee Song	W. Berry	W. Berry	4	0
Victoria the Loved	M. A. C.	Sinclair Dunn	4	0
Versailles		Gerard F. Cobb	4	0
Wait but a while		Henry G. Kemp	4	0
Was it well?	Edward Oxenford	M. A. Baker	4	0
Waiting at Heaven's Gate		Hon. Mrs. Forbes	4	0
Waiting for you, Jock	Judge Halliburton	Julian	4	0
We sweetly, gently glide along (<i>Boat Song</i>)		Vivian	4	0
What matters it how we die?	I. M. Smith	U. R. Jones	4	0
When I am dead, my dearest		Fred. A. Packer	4	0
When I recall	Burns	E. Glode Ellis, <i>net</i>	2	0
When thou art happy, think of me	Charles Millward	George Staker, <i>net</i>	2	0
When the moon shines brightly	Haynes Bayley	J. Price	4	0
When we two parted	Byron	M. Skirrow	4	0
Where Hearts are throbbing	H. M.	H. Maconochie	4	0
Which shall it be	Brightonian	Edith Gordon Bartlett	4	0
Whither (<i>Words from the German by W. H. Longfellow</i>)		James Baden Powell	4	0
Who'll buy my Snowdrops (<i>Illustrated</i>)	John Fox	John Fox	4	0
Why beats with rapt'rous thrill (<i>Maid of Astolat</i>)				
(<i>sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd</i>), No. 1 C, No. 2 B $\frac{1}{2}$		Dr. C. S. Heap	4	0
Wild Flowers	W. Ball	Max Schröter	4	0
Win to wear (<i>by permission from the Wesleyan Temperance Hymns and Songs</i>)		William Haigh	4	0
Windmill Land	Claxson Bellamy	James Henry Lewis	4	0
Worn out and weary, alone and dreary (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Frank Green	John Fitzgerald	3	0
Written on Sand		C. D. Woolf	3	0
Yea or Nay	Christina Rosetti	Etienne Ravvizzotti	4	0
Ye Mariners of England	Thomas Campbell	C. S. Hill	4	0
Yesterday	Ellen Miller	Theodor L. Clemens	4	0
Three Baritone Songs—				
1. An English Christmas Home	Eliza Cook	Orbel Hinchliff,	} <i>net</i> 2	6
2. Our Oldest Friend	Oliver W. Holmes	„ „		
3. The best of all good company.	Barry Cornwall	„ „		

DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

After the Fray (<i>Tenor and Bass</i>)	Geo. Wm. Southey	Theodore Bonheur	4	0
Half my wealth, Trio (<i>Maid of Astolat</i>)	Desmond Ryan	Dr. C. S. Heap	4	0
I would if I could, but I can't (<i>Topical Song and Duet</i>)	J. F. Mitchell, ...	G. Newman and F. Latimer	4	0
It was a lover and his lass	Shakespeare	F. M. Rundall	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
The Battle Eve (<i>Tenor and Bass</i>).....		Theo Bonheur	4	0
The Sunshine and the shade (<i>for Mezzo-soprano and Contralto</i>)	Mary M. Jazdowska.....	E. M. Lawrence	4	0
Whence come those merry voices..	Priscilla King.....	J. E. Spinney	4	0
Who is Sylvia? (<i>For Contralto and Baritone</i>)	Shakespeare..	Erskine Allon, <i>net</i>	2	0

DANCE MUSIC.

FOR THE COMING SEASON.

NEW WALTZES.

Ada	G. W. Baker	4	0
Amaryllis (<i>Beautifully illustrated in colours</i>).....	Charles Speyer	4	0
Australia Waltz	Mabel M. Robertson	4	0
Autumn Flowers	A. G. Pritchard	4	0
Autumn Memories.....	Stretton Swan	4	0
Blaue Taube (<i>Beautifully Illustrated</i>).....	F. Marsden Cobb	4	0
Christmas Rose (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	Edith Gage	4	0
Circe	H. Stallard	4	0
Cinderella (<i>Illustrated</i>)	W. A. Propert	4	0
Clara	A. Fred. Tindall	4	0
Clarine	Karl Kaps	4	0
Clyda	Mabel M. Robertson	4	0
Come Back	Geo. Percy Haddock	4	0
Day Dreams.....	A. McKenzie	4	0
Day Dreams	Grace Pugh	4	0
Der Lurleyburg (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Carl Schenck	4	0
Dewdrop and Daisies	W. C. Hogg	4	0
Dolly, Vocal Waltz (<i>Beautifully Illustrated</i>)	T. G. Hancock	4	0
Dreaming of Love (<i>Beautifully Illustrated</i>)	W. F. Taylor	4	0
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Elaine (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Erskine Allon	4	0
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Eunice	John Brook	4	0
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Gentinella (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Louise Morrison	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
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Go Lightly	Anna Kinnison	4	0
Haidée (<i>Illustrated</i>)	J. Spawforth	4	0
Harvest Home (<i>Beautifully Illustrated</i>)	J. P. Waud	4	0
Harvest Moon	Marie L. Furniss	4	0
Iris (<i>Beautifully Illustrated</i>)	Erskine Allon	4	0
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Joy Waltz (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Erskine Allon	4	0
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Karlus	Robert MacHardy	4	0
Kathleen Waltz (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Emma M. St. John	4	0
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Love's Young Dream (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Marie Brooke	4	0
Les Bohémiens de Paris (<i>Grand Valse</i>)	Ed. Heinrich	4	0
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Marjorie	Kate Mackintosh	4	0
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<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
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The Etruscan	Amigare	4	0
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White Heather	C. H. Martini	4	0
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POLKAS.

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Black Diamond	C. H. R. Marriott	4	0
Conversazione (<i>Vocal</i>)	Ellis Riley, <i>net</i>	1	0
Cinderella	Graham	4	0
Cricketer's Polka	W. H. Stephenson	4	0
Fascination	J. Welsh Leith	3	0
Félicité	Folcardet	4	0
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Forget-me-not	Theodore Decker	4	0
Four-in-hand	Albert Rosenberg	4	0
Four o'clock (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Victor d'Amalie	4	0
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Jolly Cadet	J. S. Lee	4	0
Le contre-temps	Haydn Mellor	4	0
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Mona's Isle	William Smallwood	4	0
Moonlight (<i>Illustrated</i>)	Leonard Remfry	4	0
Nick Nack	Alois Volkmer	4	0
Noelli	C. E. G. Waldmann	4	0
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MAZURKAS, &c.

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Blanche	Giacomo Ferraris	4	0
Bouquet des Roses. { No. 1. Rose Marie } { No. 2. Marie Rose }	John T. M. Harrison	4	0
Edelweiss	Theodore Decker	4	0
Euphemia	C. H. Morine	3	0
Fancy Fayre	Edith Barringer	4	0
Le Bonheur	Henry Youds	4	0
Mazurka	H. Pershouse	4	0
Midnight Echoes	T. J. Jackson	3	0
Nationale	H. Pershouse	4	0
Polonaise, "Prince Joseph"	J. Tomlinson	4	0
Princess Josephine	J. Tomlinson	4	0
The Sunny South	David Wilson	4	0
Ye Fancye Fayre	Braham	3	0

GALOPS.

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The Crush	W. J. G. Gibbs	4	0
Vive le soldat	Gustave Lange	4	0
Wild Flowers	John T. M. Harrison	4	0

GAVOTTES.

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Chloe and Corinna	James L. Gregory	3	0
Coral Pearl	W. T. Gliddon	3	0
Daphne	E. J. Sturges	3	0
Etta (<i>Gavotte de Cour</i>)	Percival Holt	4	0
Feodora	Percy Pitt	3	0
Freshfield	Edward Harper	3	0
Gavotte in F. Op. 12	F. Norman Adams	4	0
Gavotte Violet	A. S. Wild	4	0
Gavotte and Musette	S. Bath	4	0
Gavotte in G. Op. 61	Louis Nicole	3	0
Gavotte pour Piano	Ferdinand Praeger	4	0

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Gavotte in G		T. W. Blakey	3	0
Gavotte in G		Selina Mackness	4	0
Gavotte Moderne		Haydn Mellor	3	0
Gavotte (<i>Violin and Pianoforte</i>)		Chas. Hoby	3	0
Gavotte (<i>for Violoncello</i>)		Philip des Soyres	3	0
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Introduction and Gavotte by Dr. Arne, arranged for Concert Performances by E. H. Thorne			4	0
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Rusticité Gavotte		Ralph Morrison	4	0
Stéphanie Gavotte		Czibulka	3	0
Sissie Gavotte		J. T. Musgrave	4	0
Semplice		Charles R. Fisher	4	0
Windsor Castle		A. Volkmar	4	0

PART-SONGS, GLEES, &c.

A Morning Call....	Beatrice Abercrombie....	William Blakeley	<i>net</i>	0	3
Back to the Flood (Maid of Astolat), Fem. Voices, S.S.A....	C. S. Heap			0	4
Birdie singing on the tree	Beatrice Abercrombie.....	G. B. Allen		0	3
Dolly and Dick (<i>for Schools</i>)	Ethel Coxhead ..	E. M. Lawrence	<i>net</i>	0	3
Fairy Revels. Vocal Waltz (<i>Two-part song for female voices</i>)		J. Charles B. Tirbutt		0	3
Gather ye Rosebuds	Robert Herrick....	William Blakeley	<i>net</i>	0	3
Go, Lovely Rose..	Edmund Waller, 1603-1690.....	J. Clippingdale		0	3
Good-night (<i>men's voices, alto, two tenors, and bass</i>) ..	Percy Bysshe Shelley	Fred C. Atkinson		0	4
Good-night, beloved.....	Longfellow.....	Langton Ellis	<i>net</i>	0	3
Good Night (for male voices)	Shelley.....	Ferris Tozer		0	3
Hymn of the seasons (<i>Cantatina</i>)	David R. Williamson.....	Robert MacHardy		0	3
Hymn to the Night	Longfellow	J. C. B. Tirbutt	<i>net</i>	0	3
I love my love in the morning		R. Harvey	,,	0	3
Jubilee Memorial (<i>Choral for four Voices</i>)					
Words from the German		F. S. Dugmore		0	6

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Words by</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Let us hasten o'er the meadows.....	H. Vincent Barwell	Harry Dancey	0	3
Light sounds the harp	Thos. Moore.....	J. G. Veaco	0	4
Little Bo-Peep (<i>Humorous</i>)		Harry Dancey	0	3
My Country (<i>Patriotic</i>)	Tom Moore.....	George Staker	0	3
Nursery Nonsense (<i>Humorous</i>)	Walter Parke	Charles R. Fisher	0	3
Two-part Songs, for Ladies' or Boys' Voices, by Sinclair Dunn.		Complete	2	0
Or singly thus :—			0	2
No. 1. Come to the woodlands	No. 7. Lovely Spring			
„ 2. O come let us sing	„ 8. Baby dear			
„ 3. Where blue bells grow	„ 9. Marching along			
„ 4. The Lily of the Valley	„ 10. Evening's starlight			
„ 5. The Snowdrop	„ 11. Rest in Thee			
„ 6. Merry Maidens	„ 12. Where the Roses bloom			
Snowdrops	E. J. Tupper	Theodore L. Clemens <i>net</i>	0	3
The Evening Song	H. W. Longfellow.....	Robert Sealy Genge	0	2
The Jackdaw	Cowper	Robert MacHardy	0	3
The Maiden's Bower	Emra Holmes..	James Henry Lewis, <i>net</i>	0	3
The Maiden's Song	Dr. T. C. S. Corry	Thomas Picton „	0	3
The Queen (<i>A National Jubilee Hymn</i>)	Robert Whelan Boyle.....	Sinclair Dunn	0	2
The Fisherwife's Cradle Song ..	E. W. S.....	E. Bandey, <i>net</i>	0	3
The Song of the Queen (<i>In commemoration of Her Majesty's Illustrious Reign</i>)				
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No. 2. arr. for Four Voices, s.A.T.B. „		net 2d., doz.	1	8
There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's Stream.....	Tom Moore	Leslie Mayne	0	4
Victoria. Jubilee Glee (<i>for Four Voices</i>).....	Lady Borton.....	Lady Borton	0	3
Wake from thy Dreams Elaine (Maid of Astolat), Fem. Voices ..	S. S. A. A.	C. S. Heap	0	3
Welcome all within these walls ..	Mrs. Reeve....	George A. Ames		
(<i>Vocal Trio with accomp. Piano & Harmonium</i>)	Score & Parts, <i>net</i>		1	0
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When the sun sinks to rest, <i>for Alto, Two Tenors, and Bass</i>		S. C. Cooke „	0	3
Holy Rest (<i>with Violin Accompaniment</i>)		N. Kilburn „	0	3
He that loves a rosy cheek	Carew.....	G. B. Allen „	0	4

SACRED.

<i>Name of Piece.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
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Do. do.	„ cloth	2	0
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Ave Maria, with violoncello <i>obbligato</i>	Walter Mackway	4	0
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Benedicite, Omnia Opera, in <i>Chant form</i>	S. C. Cooke	0	2
Benedicite, Omnia Opera	Rev. Thomas W. Stephenson, B.A.	0	2
Benedictus, &c., from Communion Service in C ..	Gerard F. Cobb, <i>net</i>	0	4
Born on the sober wings of night	J. M. Noa	0	6
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Communion Service in C	Gerard F. Cobb, <i>net</i>	1	0
Communion, The Office for Holy, in C. Op. 8	C. W. Pearce	0	6
Communion Service, Kyrie Eleison, &c.	W. H. Richmond, <i>net</i>	0	4
Communion Service	W. F. Taylor „	1	0
Eight Original Harvest Hymns. Words by Rev. S. Childs Clark „	„	0	2
<i>Words 1/- per Hundred.</i>			

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No. 1. Processional Harvest Hymn	Arthur H. Brown		
„ 2. Faithful in thy Love	Rev. J. B. Dykes		
„ 3. Put on thy strength, O Zion	A. H. Brown		
„ 4. Gracious God, another Harvest	Langran		
„ 5. To thee, who art the Harvest's Lord	A. H. Brown		
„ 6. From the Priceless Harvest	Dean Alford		
„ 7. With thankful Heart, with tuneful Voice	A. H. Brown		
„ 8. The Harvest-tide Oblation	From the Lausanne Psalter		
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"The members of the Peebles Choral Union gave a performance, in character, of Mr. Robert MacHardy's, dramatic cantata, *The Woodland Witch*, in the Chambers Institution, on Tuesday evening, to a very large and highly appreciative audience. The Peebles Amateur Dramatic Club lent their scenery and stage fittings for the occasion, and these were put up in a very tasteful manner by Mr. Henry Kerr, junior, and proved a considerable attraction. When the curtain rose, a gay scene was disclosed to the view of the audience, the members of the Union, numbering between twenty and thirty voices, being seen occupying the platform, with the bride and bridegroom in front, and all wearing marriage favours. Miss M. Williamson appeared as Ella the bride; Mr. Ewing as Harold the bridegroom; Miss M. Watson as Elsie, a reputed witch; and Mr. Green as the aged and venerable pastor. Each of these ladies and gentlemen sustained their several parts to perfection, and were rewarded, as they well deserved, with repeated rounds of applause. The choruses were all exceedingly well executed, and gave good evidence of the care bestowed in their preparation. So highly gratified were the audience with the manner in which the piece had been performed, that when the curtain fell at the close, the artists were recalled, and had to repeat the bridal march chorus with which the cantata concludes, and this was followed by loud and prolonged applause. The whole entertainment was much enjoyed, and Mr. MacHardy and the members of the Choral Union may well be congratulated on their appearance on Tuesday evening, which, in every respect, may safely be characterized as the most successful that has ever been made since the society was established. The performance of *The Woodland Witch* was a great success in itself, and was gone through without a single hitch of any kind occurring, while it was evident that it was very highly enjoyed and appreciated by the audience."—*Peebles-shire Advertiser*.

"PEEBLES CHORAL SOCIETY.—The members of this flourishing society gave their annual concert on Tuesday evening. There was a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Robert MacHardy conducted. The first part of the programme consisted of the performance of Mr. MacHardy's dramatic cantata, *The Woodland Witch*. The solos were sung by members of the society, and were well received; while the choruses were rendered with fine effect, the time and tune being excellent. The whole performance reflected great credit alike on the conductor and the members of the society, and at the close there were loud calls for Mr. MacHardy."—*Daily Review*.

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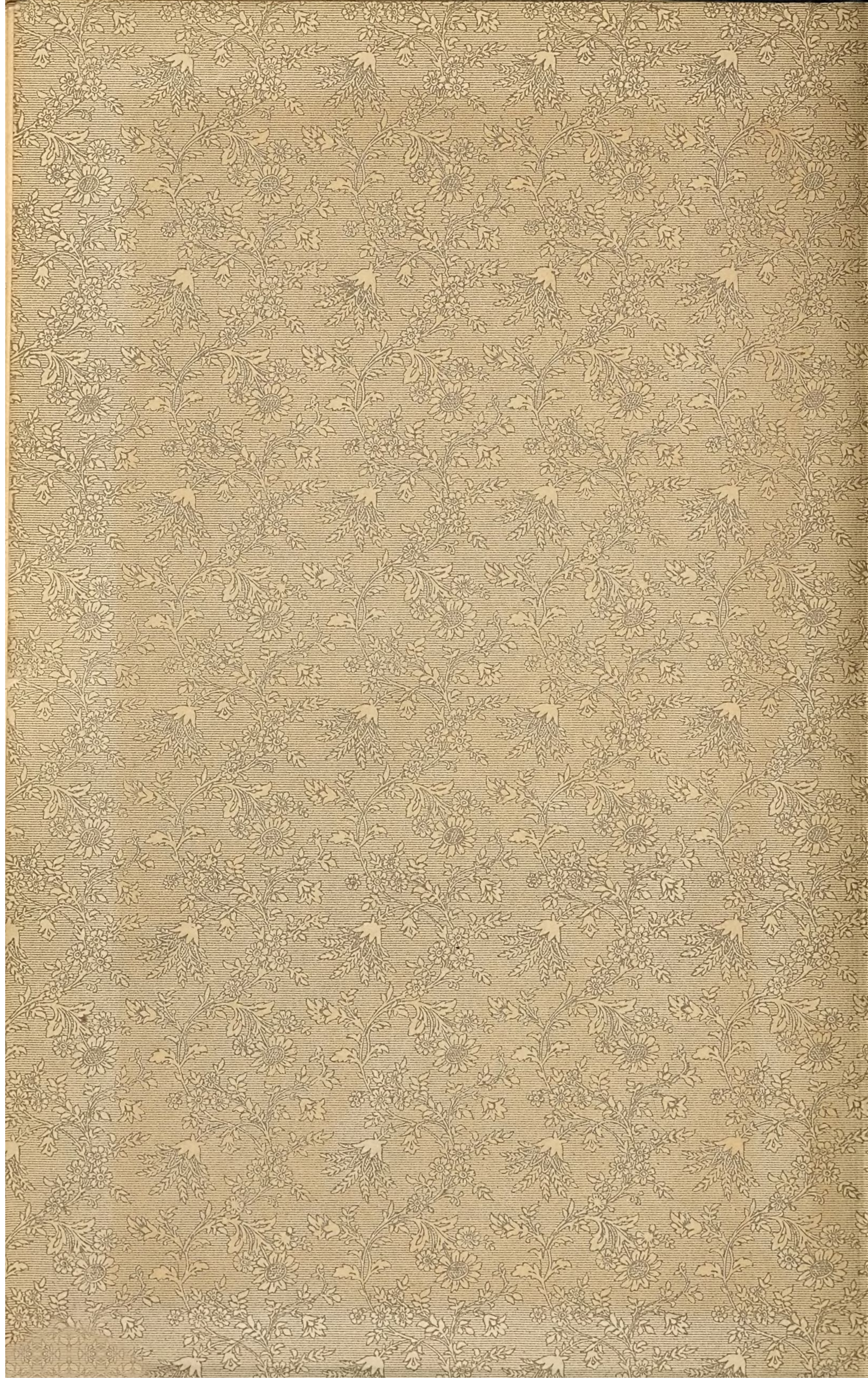
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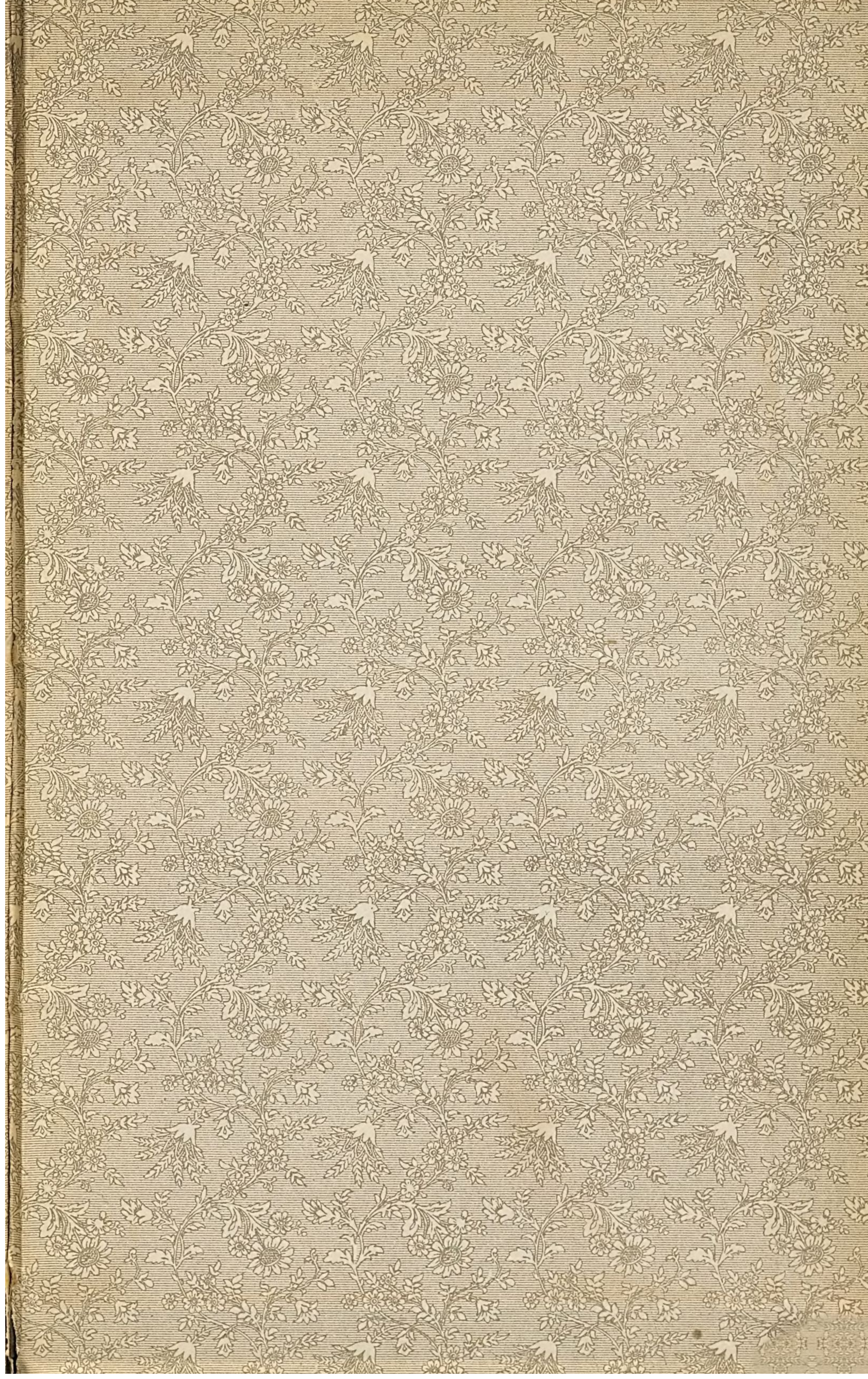
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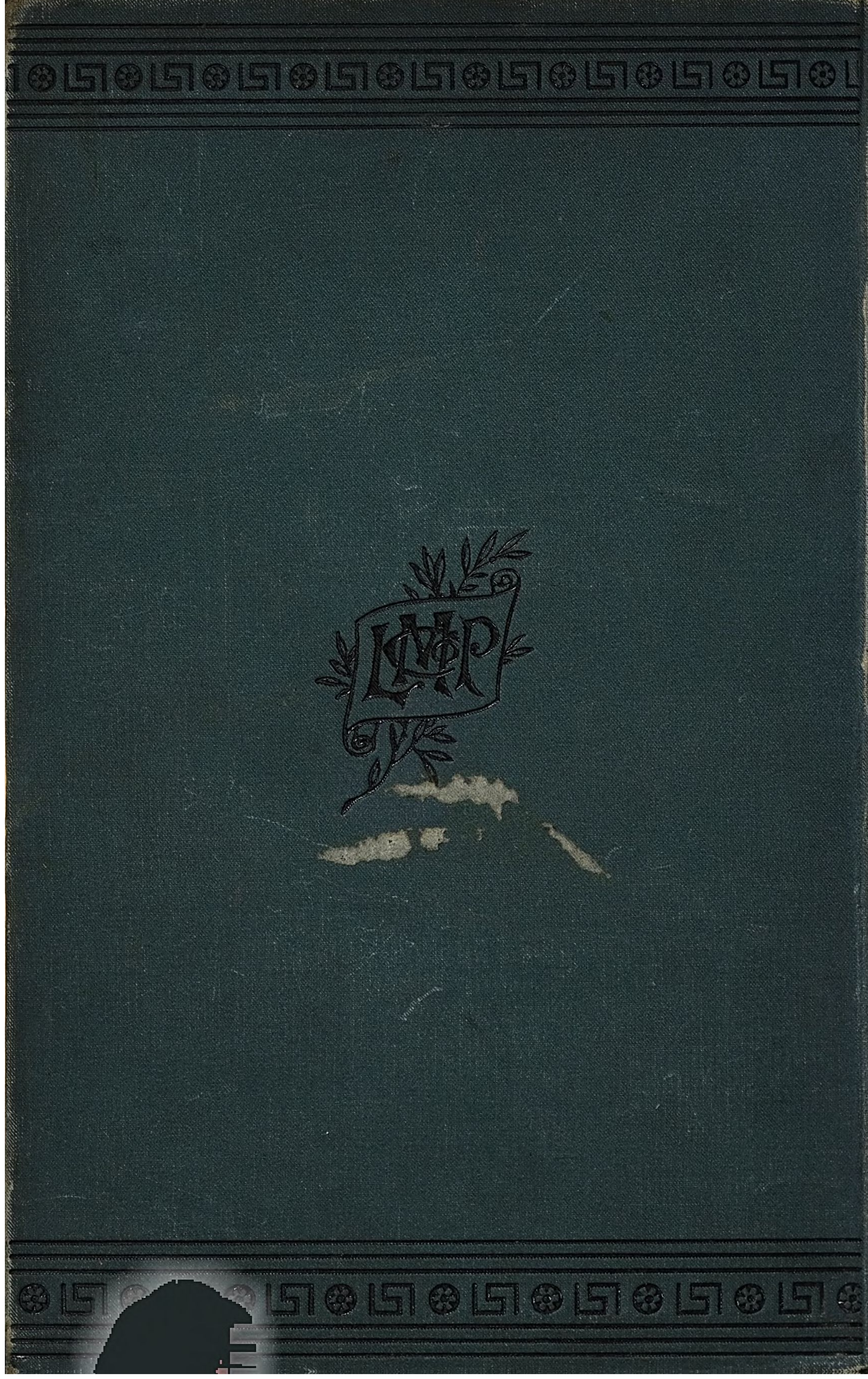
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